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MAN AS HE IS.

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A
NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HERMSPRONG.

Voluptates, blandissimæ dominæ, majores partes animi à virtute
detorquent.

SECOND EDITION.

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[U. : Rob Bage]

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MAN AS HE IS.

CHAP. I.



WHEN I come to the notes which exhibited the honourable Mr. Bardoe, I half suspected Sir George to have been amusing himself with a portrait à la fantaisie. I know indeed, a man might despise some things, but all——and above all——woman! These dear beings, which heaven, in its hour of greatest benevolence, gave us to smoothe our care and our linen; and without whom, what is there indeed in this world, that can deserve the name of pleasure. Heavens! what a

capacity of contempt must the honourable Mr. Bardoe have had.

But, in specimens of conversation, one gives only that which is striking and remarkable; and I thought this fastidious gentleman ought to be hung up for the terror of those, who should hereafter dare to blaspheme the dear deities of my adoration; otherwise, it must be owned, there did things drop from the lips of Mr. Bardoe, that denoted an acute observation and a cultivated mind.

Sir George thought thus; and that, could his intolerable pomp be avoided, such a character might be borne with, nay, even prove amusing for a short time. He began even to think, that there was not so violent a necessity for riding post through Italy. If the wretches he sought were in Italy, as he had too much cause to fear they were not, he was less likely to miss them by slow travelling, than by swift; and it was a thousand pities such a country should be gone through without being looked at. Some months since, the idea of treading this classic earth gave him

him a most sensible delight. With its Virgils he had been charmed; instructed by its Livies; warmed by its Ciceros; and excited to public virtue by its Scipios. For Popes indeed he had no violent reverence; but he loved music and painting. Why then should he renounce the pleasures which Italy could so abundantly bestow?

With these reflections Sir George rose at his usual hour, and sent a note to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, requesting the favour of his company to breakfast. Not one of his polished English family was yet stirring. At eleven the major domo became visible, and informed Sir George, his master took chocolate in bed at twelve and rose at one, That he never dined, for Italian hours were abominable. That if he travelled, he threw himself into his chaise and went one post. If he did not travel, he usually spent the hours in his apartment; for he could not give himself the trouble to see things which gave him no pleasure to see.

About the hours of eating, Sir George was totally indifferent; so requested by the major domo, the honour of Mr. Bardoe's company to supper; which invitation being accepted, he ordered two small courses, and then went out upon his usual inquiries.

From this supper every appearance of parade was purposely banished. Its character was neatness, elegance, and comfort. In an hour it gave way to a table furnished with the best wines of Milan. Sir George, as host, exerted himself to entertain; he was this evening more than usually sprightly; and, aided by the best wines of Milan, drew from the honourable Mr. Bardoe some unequivocal signs of pleasure, and changed his little air of stately indifference.

He condescended to ask if Sir George was going the tour; or had business in view? As this was not the hour of *retenù*, Sir George's answer was a little history of himself for the last year; in which, as usually happens to people who tell their own tales, some part of his own folly slipped behind the curtain. "So,"
said

said Sir George, at the conclusion, "my business is of such a nature, as to require rather more expedition than your mode of travelling will admit of, otherwise I should have been happy to have become your companion de voyage."

"As to that," Mr. Bardoe replied, "it is to me perfectly indifferent whether I travel swift or slow. When I am in bed I have seldom any motive for rising; when I am in one place, I have seldom any motive for going to another. I call this the indolence of wisdom. But as I have little to induce me to motion, I have almost as little to induce me to rest; so that I should accept your offer, provided you would take the trouble to govern my motions—only that, of all the causes for travelling that I have yet heard or read of, yours is the worst."

There was a something like rudeness in this reply, which gave Sir George some small confusion, and perhaps a little offence.

"I am afraid," said the honourable Mr. Bardoe, who perceived this; "I am afraid,

were I to accept your offer, I should be troublesome to you. It is true, I never mean to offend; nor do I regard whether my sentiments do or do not accord with those of other people. But I am fond of freedom of speech; and when truth rises, or seems to rise, spontaneously to my lips, I cannot give myself the trouble either to suppress it, or seek for circumlocution."

"No words," answered Sir George, "will give me offence, when I am convinced it was not the intention of the speaker to give it. Your general apology is sufficient to give a currency to a freedom of speech. But why are my motives for travelling of the worst species?"

"I pay little regard to human opinions," replied Mr. Bardoe, "not even to my own. Consider it, if you please, as a sentiment, that was just born and died."

"Do me the favour to believe," said Sir George, "that truth, accompanied with friendliness of intention, can never be disagreeable to me."

"You

“ You travel then,” said Mr. Bardoe, “ with your head full of the wrongs you have received; that is, goaded by a perpetual anger. I have felt this sensation formerly, but cannot say I found it so agreeable as to desire it for a constant inmate of my bosom. One of your former associates, is probably a fellow of the lowest order of rascals. An English gentleman cannot think of the stiletto, even in Italy: What can you do with him?”

“ Cane him—” answered Sir George.

“ And has he not also a cane?” asked the honourable Mr. Bardoe.

There was something in this answer which did not quite please Sir George; but he was upon honour, not to be offended.

As he did not reply, Mr. Bardoe said, “ the other is a gentleman. Him you call out to an equal contest, assured of victory, though, no doubt; and depending upon the favour of heaven, which cannot fail to interest itself in a cause of so much consequence.”

This was a new stain in the honourable Mr. Bardoe; and Sir George could not help feeling himself pleased with it, though it wounded him.—“What!” says he, after a minute’s pause,—“What would you have me do?”

“Nothing,” quietly answered Mr. Bardoe.

CHAP II.

THE gentlemen left Milan the following day, taking the road to Rome, where they arrived in great safety, and in little more than four times the time in which it is usually performed. For the honourable Mr. Bardoe, with

with his perfect indifference to rest or motion, could seldom be induced to rise before eleven; nor quit his apartment till he had recovered the fatigues of sleep, by an hour or two of repose upon his sofa, in the light undress of a morning gown, with his snuff-box and his tooth-pick case. But the greatest grievance to Sir George, was the still too superb supper, the only thing which seemed to give the least animation to Mr. Bardoe. In vain Sir George threw certain oblique glances at the indulgence of a luxurious appetite, and supported them by Greek and Roman authority. The honourable Mr. Bardoe would never give himself the trouble to talk, till towards the conclusion of the evening. The last they spent of the road, he thanked Sir George for having taken the pains to collect for his use, the wise precepts of the ancients, so venerable for long beards, and short saws. But if they, said he, or you for them, would condescend to give reasons, as well as precepts, I should like to know, since nature has spread papillas all over my tongue, why it should be thought

more indecent to derive pleasure from impressions made upon them, than upon any other of the numerous nerves of the human body? Or why is the vanity of being served with a respectful attention, more reprehensible than a thousand other vanities?—

Sir George admired the facility with which men varnish over their foibles; he might have admired his own; but he reflected also that if he could reason away the only feelings his new friend seemed to possess, he would scarce be conscious of his existence.

There was in Rome a Scotch gentleman of the name of Cameron, a dealer in virtù, and a master of the ceremonies to young Englishmen, on their arrival at this once respectable capital. Letters of recommendation to this gentleman were unnecessary. No foreigner of distinction can come to Rome without his knowledge; no one can complain that his services are not offered at least, if not accepted. By Sir George however they were accepted graciously, and the visit was to the famous gallery of the Cardinal de B—.

They

They found there a lively Frenchman, a Monsieur or an Abbe Depaty, I think, who was perhaps more entertaining to the majority of the company than Raphael or Titian. He convinced them of the sublimity of his own conception, by every attitude of astonishment in which human bodies can be thrown; and by every epithet, which the French language has provided to express admiration. *Quelle grace! quella beaute! que touchant! que brillante! que divine! que ravissante!* Sir George caught a little of this divine flame; felt some very inexpressible impossible feelings, and lamented that he was not master of the connoisseural language.

As to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, he threw a careless glance upon the paintings; observed with more attention the tones and gestures of Dupaty; but kept undisturbed his tranquillity and his silence.

“You were not much entertained to-day, I fear,” said Sir George, at supper.

“Much more than I expected,” replied Mr. Bardoe, “I should have been extremely so, had I had the same taste for comedy I had once. Monsieur Dupaty is an excellent actor.”

“Actor!” said Sir George. “Don’t you then think he felt the raptures he seemed to feel so lively?”

“Pray Sir George inform me—what idea had you of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, when you were told it was divine, it was grand beyond conception. Did you learn any thing?”

Sir George did not reply.

“I,” said Mr. Bardoe, “used to take it into my head formerly, that I was amused with looking at historical pieces. To the fair daughter of Jephtha judge of Israel, one painter had given a face of steady and heroic piety. Another, more natural perhaps, had given her only half this, and mingled it with a terror, she strove, but in vain, to conceal. One soldier hides his face; another looks at the sacrificing priest; a third at Jephtha, with

with indignant grief. I saw what the painters meant. The ideas which passed thro' their minds were visible; just as would have been those of a poet or a historian, who had related the same thing, with all the embellishments his imagination could give. But what of divine is there in all this?"

"Some gentlemen, I suppose," said Mr. Cameron, "find their conceptions too exalted for common words to reach."

"Had you said confused," replied his honour, "your supposition might have been nearer the mark. Every one however has a right to suppose what he pleases; and I suppose that ignorance and vanity copulate these exalted epithets between them."

"By my faul," said Cameron, "but ye are muckle severe."

"You will be better entertained at the Opera to-morrow night, I hope," said Sir George.

"Sir George Paradyne," answered Mr. Bardoe with great solemnity, "I cannot now be pleased with any thing that violates nature,
or

or degrades it. Eunuchs, like swans, squall and die. I cannot forget that they are eunuchs, and that men do not die singing."

"The music, however," said Sir George.

"Is extatic, no doubt," replied Mr. Bardoe; "but I have been ravished so often, that I can no longer expire upon a thrill."

"There is however," said Sir George, "one entertainment, with which, as a scholar, you must be pleased. Mr. Cameron has a tolerably acute map of old Rome. To see how much of it is now Rome, how much in ruins, and to contemplate those ruins."

"By heavens!" said the honourable Mr. Bardoe, with emphasis, "the human mind is in ruins, I think. Or could it contemplate with pleasure, the wreck of all that is great in human kind; and all that is little rising on its ruins. Nothing certainly can be a greater burlesque on the importance of this vain animal, Man, than the sacred college issuing out its bulls as from the chancery of heaven. Nothing a greater proof of the fatuity of the same animal, so proud of its intellect, to bow
the

the knee to such ridiculous gods. The sacred college! with the vicar of Jesus Christ at its head! all reverend! all venerable! red-hatted, and heaven-born senate! whose ardent devotion it has been for centuries after centuries, to disseminate lies and blasphemies over the face of the earth; to cheat the feeble race of man with indulgences; and destroy it with inquisitions!”

This philippic lasted a long time. When they separated, Mr. Cameron said to Sir George:—this is a prodigious genius. What a pity, there is nothing in this world can please him!

CHAP. III.

THE knowledge Mr. Cameron possessed as a Roman antiquarian, was only exceeded by his obliging disposition. Every thing that was old in Rome and nine leagues round; every thing that could elucidate the history of that spirited nation, was pointed out to Sir George; and in particular, coins and medals; with which the young baronet stocked himself much to his own edification, and Mr. Cameron's satisfaction. "But," said the latter, "it is na reet to confine oorselves aw and intire to arms and republics;
arts

arts ought to share our attention, You ha seen the venus, the hercules, the laocoon, and the gladiator. I allow that the age of the revival of the arts, produced no sculpture like unto these ; but for paintings, we canna say so much. Gin you have a taste that way, I think it may be in my pooer to sarve you."

" My taste in painting," replied Sir Geo. " is in its infancy. I see pictures with pleasure ; but have not studied the art."

" Whenever ye do" said Mr. Cameron, " begin wi the best maisters."

" I am sensible," answered Sir George, " that this is the proper mode to form a good taste ; but my father's inclination leads to other pursuits, I am not possessed of any of the first masters, and imagine they must be purchased at an expence which at present I do not chuse to incur."

" It is vary reet," Mr. Cameron said, " to be prudent ; it is the grand foundation of a' the virtues. The best pieces, when they are publicly known, sell excessive high. But there is lately dede here, a rich burges, whom

whom I was very eentimate with. The mon was na' ostentatious; he had a most exquee-fete taste, to be sure; but he looed batter to enjoy it in private, or with a vary few freends, than to feet up a musæum for the amusement of avery body mare than the owner; so it happened that his collection is known to few. It cost him upwards of twenty thousand poond; and his axecutors are noo debating, whether they should make a private sale or a sale by auction. For ye must know Sir George, that auctions are expeenfive; and when the gudes are no' celebrated, feldom answer. I think for aboot five thoofand poond ye might come in for the hale; and let me tell you, sic an opportunity does na' fa' to the lot of avery gentlemon once in aw his leef. I canna' ma' the least doot, but in England you may sell the worst moiety o' the collection for mare money, and get the reest for nathing."

"But," said Sir George, "I cannot command so much cash here."

"Ah,"

“ Ah,”—replied Mr. Cameron,—“ say nothing about that, there is na’ banker in all Rome, that knows his leetters, who wull refuse Sir George Paraden’s bills to any amoont.”

Such an opportunity to be rich in virtù was not to be resisted; especially as Mr. Cameron obligingly undertook not only the purchase, but engaged to see the whole carefully pack’d, and sent to Naples, there to be embarked for England. “ But,” says the Scotchman, “ all this must be done in four days; for I am under the necessity of going to Florence on Sunday next.”

Sir George complied, and the whole business was concluded in the given time with the strictest privacy. “ For,” as Mr. Cameron observed, “ if it was known, Sir George would be plagued oot of his leef by solicitations to see it; and it wad be weel if difficulties were na’ thrown in the way of its embarkation by men in pooer.” — Mr. Cameron went the day after its completion for Florence.

In

In the mean time the honourable Mr. Bardoe had spent his time more to his own taste; for his apartment was large, magnificent, and well furnished with sofas and easy chairs. Soups, macaroni and vermicelli, were always at hand, just to titillate the papillæ; some books, antient or modern, just to exercise his contempt. In the grand area of St. Peter's, he found something to look at, though not to admire; and when he viewed a procession or the Pope's guard, he would say,—heavens! what things now are Romans!—

The amusements in which Sir George had been lately engaged were requisite to prevent a certain degree of dejection which had gradually taken the place of the anger, which, though it tormented, had hitherto animated him. He had lost Mr. Cameron too, that useful friend; Rome had no longer any attractions; he wished, nay, he sighed to be again in England, and at the feet of Miss Colerain; and having communicated his desire to Mr. Bardoe, that placid and truly good-

good-natured man, agreed to return home by way of Venice; and proceed to Venice by the coast of the Adriatic.

C H A P IV.

THE character of the honourable Mr. Bardoe, is yet open to us only on the side of his apathy, and of that seeming contradiction to it, a certain degree of Epicurism. But my fair and penetrating readers, will scarcely give him or any man credit for an apathy so total as his pretensions to it; nor indeed did Mr. Bardoe possess it. He had indeed endeavoured to persuade himself, that

2 there

there were few things which ought to give a wise man concern; but the maxim had not been able to eradicate certain habitual propensities. Betwixt these propensities therefore and this maxim, he had made a kind of league. As a matter of indifference, if it fell in his way, he might as well oblige as not oblige; and, as he was not enamoured of money, if it fell in his way he might as well be charitable as otherwise. This disposition being once known, it had fallen in his way to be liberal and obliging as often as most men would desire.

The precise fact, with respect to Mr. Bardoe, was, not that he was totally deprived of pleasure; but that two circumstances of his life had rendered pleasure less vivid to him, than in most men. The first was, that having, before he became a favourite with fortune, addicted himself almost solely to intellectual pleasures; he could not long bear the more common insipid, nor the more gross and sensual; though at first, on account of their novelty, he entered into them with
extreme

extreme avidity. The other circumstance, common as it is, no delicate mind has yet learned to bear—a disappointment in love, arising from deceit. Yes—he was upon the point of being happy with a young lady of more beauty than fortune, when the young Earl of H—— stepped in betwixt him and happiness; and with a title in possession, changed the current of the lady's affection.

This was the more provoking, because Lord H—— was his political rival; and upon a certain occasion, they had met once as men of honour meet; but having been prevailed upon to make mutual concessions, the affair finished without powder or ball, and ever since they have hated each other with abundant cordiality. It was a long, long reflection upon this simple and very common accident, which convinced Mr. Bardoe, there was nothing in this world worth being pleased with.

Our travellers set out from Rome, and bent their course towards Pescara. When they approached the Adriatic, they fell in with
6 several

several bands of pilgrims going to, or return-
from Loretto. Sir George, whose taste it
was to see man in all his attitudes, alighted
oft' to mingle and converse with them. For
the most part he found them merry, pert,
ignorant, and something addicted to obscen-
ity. The honourable Mr. Bardoe thought
nothing of them, but amused himself with a
gentle slumber. One day Sir George saw
before him two female pilgrims, who had
joined no band. One of these, drest nearly
in the Hungarian mode, but in deep mourn-
ing, walked slowly and silently along, either
buried in thought, or absorbed in grief. She
was handsome, had a genteel figure, and,
though young, an air of dignity in her mien.
Sir George alighted, and accosted her re-
spectfully in Italian. She seemed to have
enough of that language, to answer that she
did not understand it. "Vous parlez de
Francais Mademoiselle peutetre," said Sir
George. "Non—non," she replied, with
some confusion and timidity—"non omnino
inteligo." Sir George was astonished. He
spoke

spoke to her in Latin with increased respect: “He feared,” he said, “he owed the seeing her in her present situation to some distress on her part.”

To this she replied, with a sweet pretty accent, “she had seen distress enough.”

“May I presume,” said Sir George, “to inquire of what country you are?”

“De Transylvania,” she answered, “I am of the house of Zaporro, and possibly the only individual of it, now left to lament its ruin.”

“I have heard of the Count Zaporro,” said Sir George; “he was engaged against the emperor.”

“He was,” answered the lady; “he fought to relieve his country from oppression, in his own language and that of his friends;—in that of his enemies, he was a rebel. But, said she, bursting into tears, he was my father. I am going to pray the Virgin Mary to obtain his pardon if he erred; and mine, if I have erred in believing he was engaged in a just cause. But, continued she, since I

have arrived in Italy, this is the first time I have had occasion to speak of my family; the first time curiosity has been excited on my account."

"If," said Sir George, "you impute to mere curiosity, the desire I have to know and to serve you, you do me injustice."

"Curiosity," she replied, "is sometimes one of the most innocent of the motives, by which men are guided in their conduct to women."

"If you are happy," said Sir George, "you may be in the right to indulge sentiments of caution. If not—I am an Englishman—capable, I hope, of feeling respect and compassion, and you inspire both. If you cannot prevail upon yourself to believe me, I shall be sorry; and bidding you farewell, content myself with wishing you all possible happiness."

Again she burst into tears. "Too sure," she said, after a minute's pause. "Too sure I need protection, but by whom, or for what it can be given, is equally unknown to me."

"I know

“ I know not,” Sir George returned, “ how I can obviate a distrust, which, tho’ it distresses me, I cannot but applaud. All men may make profession; yet it would hurt me much if I should know hereafter, that mere attention to decorum had robbed me of so sincere a pleasure, as that of serving an unfortunate, and, I think, deserving young lady.”

“ That,” answered she, with a faint smile, “ you must take upon my word. However, as the Latin language is not I think spoke at all in England, this conversation shews me you are learned, and the politeness of your manners, that you are a gentleman, (*homo civilis*.) I owe something to your courtesy at least, and will, if you desire it, see you again in Loretto.”

Sir George answered, “ she would much oblige him,” and wishing her a pleasant pilgrimage, returned to his carriage.

C H A P. V.

WHEN this conversation was related to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, he listened attentively, without offering the least interruption; and then observed, "it was rather wonderful we had had none of these Transylvanian Countesses in England. Sir George, not comprehending exactly the nature of this observation, did not reply to it.

"But," said Mr. Bardoe, after a minute's pause, "no body with us, understands Slavonian; and Latin cannot be so soon learned, as the wants of imposture require."

"It

“Is it possible,” said Sir George, “you can possibly suspect this lady to be an impostor?”

“No, by heaven!” Mr. Bardoe replied, “for I hate powder and ball. Otherwise, suspicion is possible.”

“A man must take uncommon pains to create it here,” said Sir George.

“No,” replied his honour, “it requires no violent effort. One may suspect it in Rome itself; within the precincts even of the holy father.”

“I should sooner,” said Sir George, “suspect it there, than on a pilgrimage.”

“Oh—it has gone its pilgrimage often enough,” Mr. Bardoe answered, “even to Mecca.”

“I cannot,” said Sir George, “suspect it in such a form.”

“Nor in any form I believe; suspicion is no part of the character of Sir George Paradyne,” replied Mr. Bardoe.

“I am glad of it,” returned Sir George; “It is but a mean quality.”

“ Useful too, on certain occasions,” Mr. Bardoe replied. “ Sometimes it may save money ; sometimes prevent one’s being laughed at.”

Rather than lodge so mean an intimate in my bosom,” said Sir George, with emphasis, “ I would pay any price.”

“ Then it is to be hoped,” Mr. Bardoe returned, “ that when you arrive in England, you will not repent your private bargains at Rome.”

“ Sir !” said Sir George.

“ Nay, prithee, Paradyne, spare me the big look and frowning brow. Simple truth does not deserve it. Though I own I have drawn her ladyship out of the well sooner than I intended,” said Mr. Bardoe.

“ I beg an explanation,” said Sir George.

“ In your secret transactions with Mr. Cameron, did suspicion never once intrude upon you?”

“ If it ever did,” replied Sir George, “ I soon drove it away.”

“ Too

“ Too soon perhaps,” said Mr. Bardoe. “ It is not exactly known what the expulsion cost you; it is only said that Mr. Cameron makes the most of his opportunities. The worst of it will be, if, when you make your exhibition in Grosvenor-Square, there should not be found any thing to establish your character as a connoisseur.”

“ With that,” said Sir George, “ I can easily dispense. But, for heaven’s sake, Bardoe, how came you to know all this?”

“ From heaven, no doubt; by the mouth of father Lodoto.”

“ And you believe him piously?” asked Sir George.

“ No,” answered Mr. Bardoe, “ at first I was impious enough to doubt; for father Lodoto and Cameron were intimate, and called each other friends; so I suspected it was a monkish malignity, arising from a success he was not permitted to share, or not to share sufficiently. So,” continued Mr. Bardoe “ I sent for Rosewaite; that modest young English painter who dined with us

twice, and attracted the attention of the company. This young man hesitated to speak of Cameron; said he had not the honour of his acquaintance, and eluded my curiosity prettily enough. I turned the discourse upon himself, and asked concerning his expectations and appointments. Here he was ingenuous and explicit; and I found he was rather in an embarrassed situation. I was not sorry to feel in my way to be of service to him. He laid aside his reserve, and gave me the character of Cameron; a very amiable one indeed; for he cautiously avoids giving any affronts; assents to any proposition; flatters with skill; and cheats so obligingly, that a generous Englishman can scarce take offence. It is whispered, said he, in our academy, that he has sold Sir George Paradyne the collection of a rich burghers of Rome, who never was rich, and never had a collection. It is true he died, and Mr. Cameron took his house; which he has made a repository of lumber; a large quantity of which is packed and sent off to Ostia, as it is said,
for

for Sir George Paradyne. This is all I know of the matter."

"But pray," said Sir George, endeavouring to conceal the agitation into which this narrative had thrown him, "why did you not extend your kindness so far as to let me know this?"

"Because," replied Mr. Bardoe, "the very first minute I saw you, after this elucidation, you began to lament the loss of your friend, who, you told me, was gone to Florence."

"But why should this have hindered you?" asked Sir George.

"Because," said Mr. Bardoe, "you seem to have laid it down as a rule for your own governance, that no man shall deceive you with impunity; and I was not willing to give you a fresh motive for roaming the earth in quest of scoundrels."

"Florence," said Sir George, rather sullenly, "was not much out of our way."

"It is time, Paradyne," replied Mr. Bardoe, "that you should begin to learn

experience, either from yourself or others. Did you find Count Colliano in Italy? Or do people, when they are running away, usually tell where they are going? Rosewaite, whom I consulted on this very head, told me, it was not the first time he had gone to Florence on a similar occasion; though without stirring out of Rome; where he knew how to conceal himself more effectually than in any part of Italy. When Sir George Paradyne," said he, "takes his departure, which Cameron will know in an hour, he will arrive post from Florence; and lament that he was too late to bid adieu to his dear friend."

"And you think," said Sir George, restraining his anger with difficulty, "you think, such fellows ought to go unpunished?"

"Punished for a little innocent ingenuity!" said Mr. Bardoe, smiling. He has sold you goods for more than they are worth. In what civilized country is this forbidden? Or, if forbidden, obeyed? The property was his; he told you what would make it yours.

You

You accepted the condition. Should you succeed in fixing the imputation of knavery upon him, how will you avoid that of credulity upon yourself?"

"He made me," said Sir George, "a thousand professions of friendship."

"And you believed them;" said Mr. Bardoe. Was there any necessity for that? Or do you think friendships spring into existence like mushrooms?"

"You take great pains to shew me my folly," said Sir George.

"Not I indeed," returned Mr. Bardoe. "It is nothing to me, whether you see it or not. One must talk; and though I acknowledge the superior value of politeness, I got in my earlier days, such an abominable habit of speaking truth, or that which seemed to me to be so, that I fear I should be unable to refrain it—even at court. This is *my* folly."

"For all this," said Sir George, "I don't think my pretty Transylvanian will prove an impostor."

“ She will prove a woman I suppose ;” replied Mr. Bardoe.

“ What do you infer from that ?” Sir George asked.

“ That you will be kind, and she grateful ;” returned Mr. Bardoe.

Bardoe !” said Sir George, “ your words usually imply more than they seem. I may be kind, I intend to be so. I may, I do expect gratitude. But if you think I would take an advantage of that kindness, or her unprotected situation to betray her, to sink her into infamy ; you honour me with principles which I hold to be execrable. Curse me if I would make her an immodest proposal, for——Damn the supposition ! I almost hate you, Bardoe, for making it. Me ! deceive an unsuspecting innocent !”

“ You may be a man of the nicest honour in the world,” Mr. Bardoe replied, without being in a passion. The first blessing of life is tranquillity ; and a very good way to procure it is—not to fall in love.”

C H A P. VI.

I Hope I shall have fair readers of all religions, for in all religions there is beauty. Some may have even been to see our Lady of Loretto.—She who once lived in a small house in Palestine; but not liking her neighbourhood, moved herself and habitation through the air to Dalmatia. Something neglected there, she took wing across the Adriatic, and sat down in Loretto. I know not where she could have been treated with more kindness. Queens came to see her, and kings. She was dressed as fine as a dutchess
at

at a court ball. She eat and drank—that is, her sacred servants eat and drank for her—the very best of this globe's productions. Besides all this, they have covered her little cottage with a superb temple; so that she has nothing to fear from storms—except such storms as Dr. Priestly, and such magicians, are pleased sometimes to raise.

To this temple Sir George repaired on the second morning after his arrival, I fear with a heart more devoted to the virgin daughter of Count Zaporro, than to the virgin mother. However, as any devotion is better than no devotion at all, if Miss Colerain forgives him, I hope my fair readers will do the same.

Miss Zaporro was already at the altar, whence, having paid her duties, she retired, to seek with her maid, some humble lodging, meet for pilgrims. This, Sir George had already provided; and requested permission to attend her thither; she consented; thanked him with eyes that seemed to beam celestial fire; and having taken possession, desired the
remainder

remainder of that day to finish the duties which brought her thither.

On the next day, little of the pilgrim remained. A simple neatness presided over her dress. Sir George saw beauties in her which he had not seen before; beauties which did not create any revulsion in his sentiments of compassion; beauties, which piety alone, I suppose, can give; and which is probably the reason why we see them so seldom.

When Sir George had gazed till it would have been unpolite to have gazed any longer, assuming a peculiar softness of voice, he made her a very pretty latin oration, not quite so long, or quite so elegant, as Tully might have done; but the purport was to gain her confidence, to beg permission to serve her; and to be informed how he might best do it.

Her answer, translated as well as I have been able to translate it, was as follows:

“ It is a duty I owe to your humanity, to give you the outlines of my sad, but insignificant story, if you will give yourself the further trouble to hear it.—My misfortunes
originate

originate in the insurrections of Transylvania; too recent to have been yet much the subject of history; and on a scene too remote perhaps to have interested the generous English, who, free themselves, wish freedom to mankind.

My father, Count Zaporoz, had two sons and myself. I was about twelve when these troubles began. My brothers old enough to take a fatal share in them. There is no doubt but my father had an original part in the insurrection, for he was one of the first characters in the province, had caught the glow of liberty from an abundant perusal of Greek and Roman writers, which his travels into England, a country he spoke of with rapture, had fanned into an ardent flame.

The castle in which my father had usually resided, was at a distance from Hermanstadt, the capital. My father left there my mother and myself, and recommended us to the care of his vassals in the vicinity, who loved him, for he had meliorated their condition, and never used his privileges to oppress. At first

first, the insurgents were successful; my father had the command of a large body, and defeated the Austrians in three engagements. He was therefore peculiarly obnoxious to the Emperor, who came in person, with a force which rendered resistance vain.

Hitherto, we had been alarmed only by our apprehensions, for the Austrians had not yet advanced so far as our castle, But calamity had been only deferred that it might accumulate; and it came to overwhelm us at once. My father was defeated with great loss, his troops scattered, himself fled, one of my brothers killed in the battle, the other a prisoner, and the enemy within a day's march of the castle.

In such a situation, to resist would only give our enemies an excuse for rude or brutal treatment. My mother therefore ordered the gates of the castle to be thrown open; of which the enemy took possession. She was ill and confined to her bed; perhaps she escaped all personal ill treatment from this cause; for drunken brutality pays but little regard

regard to rank. I was too young, and indeed too wretched an object, to draw attention. The rest of my mother's women suffered the common fate of such situations.

We had been about twenty days in this miserable state, expecting orders to leave the castle; for my mother knew my father's possessions would be confiscated, when one night, when all was still, except some Austrians rioting upon the remaining plunder of the castle, a noise was heard, which we supposed had arisen from a quarrel amongst themselves. Presently, some fire arms were discharged, the tumult grew loud and shocking; there was not one to tell us the cause, till my father himself, all bloody, entered our apartment. Having tenderly embraced my mother and myself, he informed her, that immediate flight was necessary, if it was possible for her to bear it. My mother answered, she could bear any thing, so she could have his company. We left the castle then with all possible haste, and had the good fortune to get in two days into the Turkish territories;
after

after which, we took the road to Adrianople, where we arrived without accident.

This release had been effected by the zeal and fidelity of my father's vassals, amongst whom he had taken a concealed refuge since his defeat.—Some of these had access to the castle for the purpose of supplying the garrison. They took advantage of drunkenness and relaxed vigilance, and introduced my father as I have related; then escorting him to the borders of Transylvania, some went back to brave their fate, others followed the fortune of my father, and obtained a settlement amongst the Turks.

To the ministers of the grand Signor my father was well known, for they had treated with him, and even advanced him money in support of the insurrection. Having settled us therefore at Adrianople, he hastened to the Porte to solicit an employ; but misfortune is not a proper title to respect at any court; and it was long before his solicitations were regarded. At length he obtained a government in Albania.

My

My mother's health had been long upon the decline. She died in his arms at Adrianople, whither he had come in order to convey her to the seat of his new government. I was now his only care. He was not avaricious; but having exhausted all that he had been able to save from the wreck of his fortune, he lived with more frugality perhaps than became his station, in order to save a competence for me. He had indeed the good fortune to please the Albanians, all but the poor nobility, every were accustomed to share the plunder of a court, but not the ministers of the Ottoman court; for at the end of five years, he had remitted the tribute *only* which was required of his part of Albania. They were surprized at the double novelty of a governor's living without state, and resting content with his salary. They had also secret intelligence that what he could save out of this, he placed in the bank of Venice. What could they do? on the one side was a governor of confirmed integrity, and a people satisfied. On the other, a govern-

government without douceurs ; and no sponge to be squeezed. They invited complaints. The turbulent nobles, and the heads of the clergy, neither of whom my father regarded as they regarded themselves, were soon ready to obey the call of power.

As the Ottoman ministry wanted only a pretence to recall my father, any complaint was heard ; and an order that he should repair to the imperial city was soon expected. He resolved to obey ; for he would not give real cause for persecution ; but as events of this kind are at the Ottoman court pretty uncertain, he sent me to Sebenico in Dalmatia, a town belonging to Venice, to the care there of a Mr. Shugrow, a Transylvanian, who had settled there as a merchant ; was reputed affluent ; and had been my father's agent in money transactions, both with the bank, and with private individuals. He was a widower, and had one daughter, she who is now my companion and my friend.

At the Porte, my father had the good fortune to defeat his enemies ; but justice there
is

is expensive. War was now declared against Russia and Austria; and as they did not chuse to send him back to his government, he was offered a command in the Turkish army. He accepted this, because his finances were much sunk, and because it was against the Austrians. It is said that his first efforts were successful; and that he was constantly victorious whilst he had a separate command. But being ordered to join the grand Vizier, a great battle was fought and lost. My father undoubtedly fell in it, for he has not since been heard of, though two years have elapsed.

I was now truly an orphan. It is possible I may have a brother, but it is more probable I have not. To crown my affliction, Mr. Shugrow, on whose friendship I relied, and who was the sole agent, and indeed master of my little fortune, disappeared from Sebonico about three months since, and has not since been heard of. Failing circumstances were the cause. His creditors seized all, leaving his daughter destitute.

It

It was now necessary to seek a fresh agent, and I applied to a merchant of esteemed probity, who seemed to regard me with pity and concern; but at our first interview, he only said he would write to Venice, and I might depend on his best services. He came again in a few days, and with a friendly anxiety told me, it was as he expected. Shugrow had drawn the greatest part of my money out of the bank to support his own credit.

This was terrible news, for it opened my bosom to despair. It was some days before I was able to converse again with my friendly merchant, who had been constant in his inquiries after my health. He told me that my remaining fortune was very inadequate to my support; and that to be mistress of it, I must find some means to identify my person before the bank directors. That the best way would be to go to Venice with all the proofs I could collect; and that he would attend me there to assist, and to corroborate my evidence.

“ But,”

“ But,” said he, “ what will Miss Zaporoz then do? Can she forget the rank and affluence she was born to; and stoop to live—almost to drudgery?” “ It may be difficult,” I answered, but it is necessary. The greater difficulty will be to find a situation wherein my poor abilities can be made so useful to others as to deserve support.” He answered, “ I must not flatter you, madam, it will be difficult; but will you have the goodness to listen to a proposal I have to make, and hear it without resentment?” “ Certainly, sir,” I answered, not without a degree of surprize.

“ The daughter of Count Zaporoz,” he said, “ may be allowed to resent the proposal of an obscure merchant, though made with all humility. It is the offer of myself in marriage.

“ I see,” continued he, “ your surprise; perhaps your disdain.”

“ No—no” I answered, “ certainly not disdain.”

“ Let

“Let me not,” he continued, “deceive you in any thing. I am not rich, but I have enough. Nor do I pretend to love you with the rapture of youth. At my age it would be ridiculous. But I admire you; and propose marriage as a mode by which I may with propriety secure you from many distresses, I fear, in your present unhappy situation you may be exposed to. I do not require your answer till after consideration; whatsoever it may be, I shall submit to it, and be always, if I can, your friend.”

The generosity and good sense of this proposal, would have inclined me to accept it; nor does the difference of our ages give me any repugnance. And yet I have repugnance, though I know not whence it arises. I have not decided.

In the mean time, the words of my mother upon her death-bed, often occurred to me. “I fear,” said she, “I fear your father may have crimes to answer for in which war may have involved him. You are by my means, though your father is of the Greek church,

a strict and pious Roman Catholic. You know well, the value of our works of supererogation. My father died, as your's may do, in the actual commission of war. My mother took proper care that prayers and masses should not be wanting; but to secure his salvation, I undertook a pilgrimage to Loretto. If ever you have it in your power, do you the same. You will derive a blessing from it, which will be a balm in all afflictions; perhaps expedite your father's term of purgation. The holy virgin will not deny any thing to prayers offered up in virgin purity.

“ Now then,” continued Miss Zaporoz, “ was a proper opportunity and a proper cause, for performing my mother's command. It is executed. If I have not derived from it the peace to myself which my dear mother promised, I have the more hopes the merit of it may devolve upon my father. I go from hence to Venice, to meet the worthy merchant, and determine, if I can determine, upon my future fate.”

CHAP.

C H A P VII.

“YOU have very much obliged me by this confidence, madam,” said Sir George; “but it would oblige me much more if you would put it in my power to serve you.”

“I think myself already much obliged to you,” Miss Zaporro answered, “Your humanity has interested itself in the concerns of a stranger.”

“To you,” said Sir George, “this humanity is profitless.”

“No,” she answered, “I am consoled by finding that there are those, in whom my misfor-

tunes can inspire pity. This obligation I can bear, and can acknowledge with gratitude. This is all the daughter of Count Zaporozh can desire, or can accept."

"I am sorry for it," said Sir George, smiling, "then I fear you will not accept the half of my chaise to Venice?"

"You make the proposal in jest, sir," said the lady, rather indignantly; "so I have no right to resent it."

"Oh, yes," said Sir George, "certainly in jest—pray how do you intend to go?"

"By sea," replied the lady, "if I can. If not, I propose going in a band of returning pilgrims, but without joining their society; for some of them have manners incongruous with piety."

"Neither of these ways," said Sir George, "can be agreeable to you."

"I must not," she answered, "consider the agreeable."

"I travel," said Sir George, "with an English gentleman, sometimes in the same, sometimes in a separate carriage. It would therefore

therefore be no inconvenience to us, if you and your friend would occupy mine as far as Venice."

"And go in your suite?" said the lady, with quickness.

"No," replied Sir George, with another smile, "we will go in yours."

"I make no distinctions," answered she, "where there is no difference."

"After us then," said Sir George, "at your own time and leisure; only permit me to charge a servant to procure you those advantages which female travellers scarce have it in their power to procure for themselves."

"I acknowledge," said Miss Zaporoz, "the politeness and delicacy of your offer, whether I accept it or no. Allow me to consider."

Sir George then, inviting himself to afternoon coffee, took his leave.

C H A P VIII.

THIS little history Sir George had to relate to the honourable Mr. Bardoe. He did it circumstantially; not forgetting as proofs of her truth, the genuine signs of passion and feeling exhibited by the fair relater.

“It is possible it may be true,” Mr. Bardoe said, after a few minutes reverie; “It is possible. But after all what does the girl want? She wont have money you know, Paradyne; she told you so. Set that down to the affair of dignity. What then would she have?”

Compas-

“ Compassion and attention,” replied Sir George.

“ If, answered Mr. Bardoe, “ a thousand guineas or so, would be acceptable to the girl, she’s welcome to them out of my purse. But really I have no turn for useless compassion. Nor can I take the trouble to say polite but insignificant things, which can answer no end—except that perhaps of putting into her head, things, which had better not come there.

“ What things ?” asked Sir George.

“ Love, perhaps,” Mr. Bardoe answered, “ or some of his near relations. Do you think a young fellow like you, with a handsome leg, an embroidered coat, a soft smile, and abundance of compassion and attention, will not oblige her to draw comparisons betwixt you and her old merchant? Which will she prefer, think you? So in zeal for her service, you will poison the little felicity she might have been able to draw from him. She might have remained tolerably satisfied with the goodness of his heart, as she will

call it; though ten to one, like statesmen and bishops, he has two reasons for what he does, one for shew and one for use."

"So suspicious a man as yourself, Bardoe, I never knew," said Sir George.

"Yes—I have been in the world ten years, and have thought of what I have seen there."

"And you still, perhaps, entertain doubts of the truth of her relation?" said Sir George.

"I have allowed it may be true," replied Mr. Bardoe; "excuse me if I tell you I think one may depend with more firmness upon the gospel."

"Oblige me Bardoe," said Sir George. "Do take the trouble to open your eyes upon her. She is not a basilisk."

"Well sir, I will go with you; I mean I will do myself the honour to attend you to your coffee assignation. Though after all, it is nothing more than a foolish endeavour to enlist my senses, for war against my reason."

C H A P. IX.

SIR George, in his encomium of Miss Zaporro, had not forgot her fine understanding. “Of which,” said the honourable Mr. Bardoe, “one proof is this pilgrimage to Loretto.”

“As if,” answered Sir George, “you did not in every country see the best understandings embrued with the superstitions they drank in with their mother’s milk.”

To elucidate this point, Mr. Bardoe inquired of Miss Zaporro, what were the causes of the revolt of Transylvania.

“The higher ranks,” she answered, “were impelled by two causes, a proximate and a remote. One may date the origin of the latter from certain books which had found their way into the province from Holland and France. I believe also from England. These books treated of the nature of government, instituted, as they said, solely for the good of the people; and of the rights of men; and of the rights of kings; I should have said of the wrongs; for kings, according to them, were seldom right. These pernicious books, and the still more licentious conversation which followed their perusal, laid no doubt the foundation of the future rebellion. But the more immediate cause to the nobility, was the depriving them of certain privileges; and the emperor’s known design of abolishing feudal tenures.”

“What,”—asked Mr. Bardoe,—“might be the reasons to the people?”

“The Emperor,” Miss Zaporro answered, “had suppressed some monastries; had made some alteration in the public forms of worship;

ship; had granted toleration to sectaries; and was said to have projected the seizing the revenues of the clergy; part for the use of the state, and the remainder to be divided more equally amongst the individual members of the clergy. This, at Vienna, was called reformation. I should call it sacrilege."

"So, I dare say, did the bishops and the monks," said Mr. Bardoe.

"Yes," Miss Zaporozhka replied, "they proved that the state had no right to meddle with ecclesiastical concerns.—That their possessions were *jure divino*—that if the clergy possessed the whole land of the province, so much the better; they made the best of landlords—that property diffused was not so useful to a community, as in large masses—and that when it was once acquired, it was nonsense to talk of little and much—that the Transylvanians had flourished long under the present system—that all innovations were dangerous—and in religious matters, impious as well as dangerous, for the clergy were God's servants, and obeyed his will."

“ I presume, Miss Zaporro,” said Mr. Bardoe, “ from some of your expressions, you incline to the opinions of the clergy.”

“ My mother was an Austrian lady,” Miss Zaporro replied, “ a strict and pious Roman catholic; my father was of the less rigid greek church. I imbibed my mother’s principles, the only ones, she said, which could lead me to salvation. It is not permitted us to form our own opinions on sacred subjects. I have had, during my successive misfortunes, several father confessors; every one of whom lamented the daring wickedness of these times; and foretold that the propagation of such detestable opinions, would destroy the holy catholic church, and consequently all religion, and all good government.”

“ And you believed them, Miss Zaporro?” said Mr. Bardoe.

“ It was my duty,” she answered.
“ Contrary notions, I own, would sometimes suggest themselves; but I asked God pardon for them? and confessed to my directors; who told me they were the greatest crimes.
I could

I could commit, and enjoined me for them my heaviest penances."

"You think then, the revolt justifiable on this account?" said Mr. Bardoe.

"Yes," Miss Zoporo answered, "on this account solely; for temporal ought to cede to spiritual things. In other respects, kings, I believe, partake of the essence of omnipotence; and ought to be subject to no power but of God or his ministers. Meer temporal objects cannot justify rebellion."

"In this censure, do you not involve you father?" asked Mr. Bardoe.

"I love my father as a child," answered Miss Zaporo; "but of religion or politics he never spoke to me. I fear he imbibed wrong opinions. I pray to God for him. It is all I can."

"I pity the poor Transylvanians with all my heart," said Mr. Bardoe: Every man had half a cause for rebellion; no man a whole one. But your nobility seemed to have been desirous of liberty themselves; but unwilling to grant it to their vassals."

"That

“ That respectable series of veneration from the vassal to the monarch,” replied Miss Zaporoz, “ would then have been lost. We should have seen no more of that generous loyalty to rank.”

The landlady of the house came in to inform Miss Zaporoz, it was the hour of evening mass. She begged pardon of the gentlemen, who politely submitted their temporal to her eternal concerns, and took their leave.

C H A P X.

THESE enlarged and liberal sentiments of Miss Zaporoz's, have always struck me as being the true foundation of most of the existing

existing governments of this our globe. A book which has lately enchanted all kings, all queees, all bishops—save one—all good old women, and half an university, has been wrote to amplify, and to sublime them. Sure never were the rich powers of eloquence so displayed! The apotheosis of the lovely queen into a star, is an instance of the sublime and beautiful, for which you may seek in the wide world of authors, a parallel in vain. That sweet lamentation too!—In the whole book of lamentations there is nothing like it. “Never—oh never—shall I again see that generous loyalty to rank and sex!” What would I not have given to have been a lord, or a lady, in those loyal and undegenerate times.

There is however an ebullition of generous poetry still superior, even to these. “I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.”

I was quoting this with a generous enthusiasm to an old friend who lives a retired life,
and

and troubles himself but little about the politics of this world. The muscles of his face contracted into a sort of grin—"Ten thousand pens," said he, "must start from their ink-stands, to punish the man who dares attempt to restore the empire of prejudice and passion. The age of chivalry, heaven be praised, is gone. The age of truth and reason has commenced, and will advance to maturity in spite of cants or bishops. Law, —active, invincible, avenging law, is here the knight-errant that redresses wrongs, protects damsels, and punishes the base miscreants who oppress them."

When Palmerin of England and Amadis of Gaul, alarmed by piercing shrieks issuing from some sequestered part of some unfrequented forest, pierced the thicket and the heart of some foul monster, on the point of dishonouring the most beautiful and most accomplished princess in the world; no doubt the valorous knights were animated by principles that did honour to the human heart. But their glory owed its birth, and
all

all its lustre, to the disorders and miseries of the times. Then, the chief, superior to law, knew no rule of conduct but his passions. He saw around him, nothing but fawning servility and slavish obedience. An obedience always compulsive, which had its origin in necessity, and passing by degrees into habit and sentiment, sunk the human mind to its lowest degradation. His smiles were joy, his frowns terror. Violence was then the road to distinction, for violence was the characteristic of the times. As was the chief, so were his vassals. Blind attachment usurped the place of discriminating friendship. A few individuals only, the exceptions of the age, assumed to themselves the arduous task of opposing violent wrong, by violent right.

All this is now happily changed. Philosophy and commerce have transformed that *generous loyalty to rank*, into attachment to peace, to law, to the general happiness of mankind; that *proud submission and dignified obedience* into an unassuming consciousness of natural equality; and that *subordination of the heart*

heart into an honest veneration of superior talents, conjoined with superior benevolence.

I did not invite my friend to dinner.

C H A P. XI.

MY fair readers, I hope, will be glad to escape with me, from these trivial speculations; and return to the fair Zaporó, who, during the contention of the last chapter, has stolen away to Venice. How she got there is not very material; certainly by no mode of travelling which could wound her honour; or, what is of a sorer nature still, her pride.

The

The daughter of Count Zaporoz had so far conquered this obstinate quality, as to deliberate at least whether she should give her hand to a merchant. She prayed the Virgin Mary to determine for her. But whether the Virgin thought it better young ladies should chuse for themselves, or had not yet sufficiently weighed the matter, Miss Zaporoz arrived at Venice in as fluctuating a state of mind as ever. Here indeed her doubts were cruelly determined. The merchant, returning one evening from a tavern to his lodgings, slipped into a canal, and was drowned. To render her calamities compleat, when Sir George Paradyne had caused the proper inquiries to be made, it was found that Shugrow had withdrawn the last penny of Miss Zaporoz's fortune from the bank.

In such a situation, most lord's daughters would have sat themselves down to weep. Not so, the daughter of Count Zaporoz. Sir George had too generous, too feeling a heart, not to be moved with extreme compassion for so illustrious, and so fair an unfortunate.

He

He offered her an asylum in England. I know not exactly on what terms; perhaps they were not guarded with sufficient delicacy; for she answered with a sort of dignified frenzy; "No Sir, no. I will go to Austria; I will perish in the eyes of my mother's relations; I will perish at the foot of the emperor's throne, rather than disgrace the house of Zaporozky."

This noble sentiment did not appear to Sir George in all its lustre. He thought it merely a disdain of being under pecuniary obligations to a stranger; but I believe Miss Zaporozky had included in the word disgrace, some ideas which were not born of money. In this however, she did Sir George injustice.

I will not tell my fair readers, that he had been insensible to Miss Zaporozky's beauty; for I will not lie for any man. I will not even say that he had never been surprised into emotions of soft desire. But he had fought against them with all the powers of reason, aided by sentiments of honour. Events are unknown to mortals. I do not presume to
say

say what would have been that of reason contending against sensation. It must be owned she is not always victorious in this kind of conflict. But, at Venice, Sir George had received a new supply of force against this voluptuous enemy. He had directed his letters from England to be addressed there. There he first learned that Mrs. Birimport was a widow. Her letter breathed the very soul of sisterly affection; and her wishes for his speedy return were urgent. Mr. Lindsay spoke his usual language; a language which would seldom fail to animate the human heart to virtue, if the human heart was always disposed to hear.

But the most efficacious of all were a few words from the pen of Miss Colerain.—
“ I learn,” says she, with a pleasure I cannot express, “ that Sir George Paradyne is spoken of at Rome as a gentleman, who does honour to his country. I hope then, he has forgot the unworthy motive which carried him from Paris. Never again will he quit the pursuits of a gentleman for frivolous pleasures,

pleasures, and voluptuous immoralities. His good sense will regulate his inclinations. He will deserve the esteem of the wise and good. If I never see him more, to hear this, will constitute my greatest happiness."

This was only an extract. The whole was wrote with a cautious and tender delicacy, which kept, far removed all appearance that the fair author had in her mind any thing but a sincere and lively friendship.

CHAP. XII.

"IT is pity," said the honourable Mr. Bardoe, in answer to Sir George's relation of the spirited, and as he thought, extraordinary

dinary reply made to his kind offer, by Miss Zaporoz; "it is a pity, such pride should fall."

"Why?"—asked Sir George,—“where is the injury done to pride, when unmerited distress accepts an alleviation from the hands of benevolence?”

“Oh—but the payment—” Mr. Bardoe replied. “Pray in what terms might you offer your asylum.”

“That to make England agreeable, and to be permitted to place her in an independent situation, would give me the greatest pleasure.”

“Young ladies,” said Mr. Bardoe, “have quick and delicate apprehensions. Perhaps she had heard her grandmamma say, young gentlemen were seldom disposed to be so charitable for nothing. And indeed I can easily believe that you yourself might one day be induced to think of a reward.”

“No—Bardoe,—no—” said Sir George, “I protest a thought of this kind never seriously entered my head.”

“No,”

“No,” Mr. Bardoe replied, “not seriously—only in jest; but jest to-day may be earnest to-morrow. I give you full credit for the integrity of your present intentions; for I know you never speak to deceive. But there are times, when women are so beautiful, that men are apt to forget their wisest resolutions.”

“I shall never forget that she is unfortunate,” said Sir George; “and if I could be base enough to take advantage of her situation, I should abhor myself——”

“Yes,”—replied Mr. Bardoe,—“men are apt to abhor themselves. But to prevent the necessity of this terrible abhorrence, marry her Paradyne; if the son of a simple British knight may presume to raise his thoughts to the daughter of a noble hun.”

“No, Bardoe,” said Sir George smiling, “my thoughts have not quite taken so presumptuous a flight.”

“She must expire then at the foot of the Emperor’s throne, as far as I see, since your boasted benevolence will not gratify her in
such

such a trifling article as marriage. You, who have been so lavish in praise of her beauty and understanding! In your eyes, she can want nothing but money, of which you have enough."

"Amuse yourself Bardoe," said Sir George; "my failings are much at your service; but spare the unfortunate Miss Zaporoz." "

"You think me in jest then," replied Mr. Bardoe. "I am not. Her affections are yours. This is an addition to her misfortunes."

"Dear Bardoe," said Sir George. "You speak as if you really interested yourself in the fate of Miss Zaporoz."

"Misery," Mr. Bardoe answered, "is no gratification to me, in any shape or form."

"To be candid and explicit with you," said Sir George, "my affections and my honour are both engaged to an English lady."

"It is very well," answered Mr. Bardoe. "Forbear your visits then to Miss Zaporoz. They affect her peace. Leave her to me."

"But," said Sir George, smiling, "there are hours when women are so beautiful——"

“She is perfectly secure,” replied Mr. Bardoe; “I would not take the trouble of seduction, for ten times the trouble seduction ever yet produced.”

CHAP. XIII.

SIR GEORGE was engaged the following day in a party of pleasure up the Brento, which Mr. Bardoe had declined for his usual reason, because it did not present to his imagination any thing pleasing. This opportunity he took to converse with Miss Zaporro, and he began pretty much in this manner:—

“I am a very odd man, madam, I hope you know it, and are prepared to pardon my follies in consideration of my frankness and sincerity. Reflection, Miss Zaporro, has made me a humourist, and has taught me to
set

set a very small value upon the things of this world. Politeness, you know, requires I should except women." He said this with a smile; which the lady returning, said, "I will excuse the politeness." He then continued, "you are unhappy, Miss Zaporoz. It gives me pain when I think of it; and I wish to relieve myself. You have two sorts of wants which give you this unhappiness, one created by nature, the other by the artifices of society. The first is curable, for corporeal wants are easily satisfied; the wants of the imagination take a stronger hold; the most fixed are those that arise from pride."

"Those I suppose," said the lady, "you judge to be mine."

"Are they not, Miss Zaporoz?" asked Mr. Bardoe.

"I hope not, sir," answered she.

"Then my task will be easy," returned Mr. Bardoe; "you will have the goodness to permit me to accommodate you with the common comforts and conveniences of human life, and all will be well."

“It will not,” replied she, “be easy for the daughter of Count Zaporo, to stoop to be so supplied.”

“I expected,” said Mr. Bardoe, “to find the daughter of Count Zaporo possessed of this sentiment; but,” continued he, smiling, “does it arise from humility?” The lady blushed.

“I know, madam, the artificial wants of society are as productive of unhappiness as any wants, whilst they possess the mind; and my wish is that you should have no want. Yet there is one cause not yet mentioned, perhaps of unhappiness. It may appear impertinence from my lips, but I must be plain, for I must be sincere. You love Sir George Paradyne.” The lady started.

“Before you indulge your anger,” continued Mr. Bardoe, “condescend to examine your sensations. Certainly I mean it not as a reproach. Any lady might love Sir George Paradyne without a blush. But he is engaged. Had it been otherwise, you
would

would have engaged him; for he is warm in your praise.

“ You must have a mean opinion of my delicacy, sir,” said the lady, “ to suppose this; Sir George almost a stranger.”

“ I do not suppose your delicacy concerned, nor even yourself, madam; for sentiments of this sort steal into the mind imperceptibly. I advance it as a conjecture arising from probabilities. If true, that you may recall an affection which honour will not permit Sir George to return; if not true—it is without consequence. And now, permit me to come directly to the point which brought me here. I desire your happiness, and am willing to be the instrument to promote it, in any way you wish. If, as an individual, you desire the solid comforts which mere money will procure, money is at your service. But as man is the creature of education and habit; if these inspire you with any delicate scruples which marriage will obviate, my hand is yours. It is not that I pretend to love you,

according to the usual acceptation of that term; but kindness comes of kindness. You will not offend me by rejecting this proposal; nor must you expect any violent professions of rapture, if you accept it. My habits of living are peculiar perhaps, but I ask no conformity from you. My fortune will enable each of us to chuse our own. This is the whole of what I have to say. Consider it, if it is worth your consideration: and if you form a resolution, favour me with the knowledge of it."

C H A P. XIV.

IT must be owned this declaration of love was rather of the embarrassing sort. It was kind, it was honourable; but it was cool, and
un-

unimpassioned. No doubt, the advantages were great to Miss Zaporó; but how could she sacrifice her delicacy to a man who had told her that he was indifferent.

Sir George returned from his excursion the next day, and called upon Miss Zaporó in his way home. He was the subject of her thoughts when he arrived, and, though it must be confessed it cost her some sighs, she had almost persuaded herself that Mr. Bar-doe's conjecture was totally groundless; and that she never entertained sentiments of Sir George, but such as friendship would warrant. "He may be my friend still," she said, "notwithstanding his engagement." But a few tears would flow, when she thought that engagement might weaken the force of that friendship.

"I have had a most extraordinary visit," said she to Sir George; "it is no breach of confidence to acquaint you with it, for no confidence was enjoined; and indeed your friend seems to give himself little solicitude about the opinions of others."

Miss Zaporoz then related her conversation with Mr. Bardoe; suppressing only that impertinent insinuation respecting her love for Sir George Paradyne. She concluded by asking Sir George's advice.

He—in the most disinterested manner in the world, said, “that, to be sure, his friend was a man that—that—in short, it was a very peculiar case; and he desired time to consider of it.”

Sir George was evidently embarrassed. It could not escape Miss Zaporoz's observation; but she had not the least idea of the cause. Indeed I must own it is inexplicable, and must for ever remain so; unless some one of my twenty thousand fair readers, whose business, being to govern the hearts of men, it is to make themselves acquainted with the tortuosities of this all trembling viscus, will take the trouble to investigate and explain its operations in this instance.

All his affections were Miss Colerain's. He had never once thought of Miss Zaporoz as a mistress; still less as a wife; he wished
her

her happiness, and would have done much to promote it. What then could give him a series of cold, chill, uncomfortable sensations, when she requested his advice. Dear ladies, how is it?

C H A P. XV.

SIR GEORGE went immediately to Mr. Bardoe; and the following dialogue passed between them:

Sir G. I have seen Miss Zaporoz.

Mr. B. Very well. By your dissatisfied air, it is probable you do not approve the proposal I made her.

Sir G. It has much astonished me.

Mr. B. Why?

Sir G. You! the most cautious, the most suspicious, the most indifferent man alive! you marry Miss Zaporozhian! a stranger! whom you took pains to make me suppose might be an impostor!

Mr. B. And you took pains to shew me that was impossible. You succeeded. Would you convince me back again?

Sir G. The world will wonder at your conduct.

Mr. B. I shall oblige it. It is never happy but when it is wondering.

Sir G. Your friends will say you have been drawn in.

Mr. B. They will say right.

Sir G. Reflections may be thrown upon me.

Mr. B. No doubt. Every man of consequence pays this tax to the public.

Sir G. You will not understand me.

Mr.

Mr. B. I believe I do. You imagine you shall have the credit of superior abilities. With all my heart.

Sir G. You give things such unexpected, such uncommon turns. What do you propose to yourself by marrying Miss Zaporoz?

Mr. B. A wife.

Sir G. Your laconics are admirable. How can you think of marrying, with so much non-chalance about you?

Mr. B. Is it settled that a man who marries must always be in a fever?

Sir G. You are the strangest animal. I wish you would reason.

Mr. B. Why here is a girl you have picked up upon a pilgrimage; "an honest wench, that let me tell you." Of her wisdom I shall say nothing. She embarrasses you very greatly; for you have a most generous loyalty to sex; especially to sex of rank and beauty; how to provide for her without injury to her dignity of sentiment. Well! I free you from this embarrassment. Where is your gratitude?

Sir G. Lost in my concern for yourself. Marriage, you know, is a state of great blifs, or great misery. If I am the cause of the latter to you, it will make me most unhappy.

Mr. B. Never trouble yourself Paradyne. If the blifs comes, I cannot reasonably be angry at it. As to the misery—if I put it in any woman's power to create it for me—I shall deserve it.

Sir G. How can I be her friend, and advise her to marry such an insensible?

Mr. B. Will not she be an insensible also? I dare say she will, if her head is not stuffed with romance.—Then, if mutual kindness comes it will be welcome; and probably more lasting than if it came the common way. It is so easy to raise the expectations of silly women, and so difficult not to disappoint them.

Sir G. Perseverance in this species of generosity does not reconcile me to it.

Mr. B. Poor girl! what else can we do with her? Can we return her back upon the naked world, without a single being to assist her?

her? Can we settle her in a competent independence without shocking her prejudices, and taking away more happiness than we give. You cannot marry her, for you are engaged. I can for I am not. And what is the difference to me? I shall still live as I like, So will she. For I shall devolve upon her all the monkey tricks of stateliness and etiquette which I am weary of; and when did you ever know a woman who was not pleased with this kind of tinsel? My friends too say that I must have an heir of my own begetting. I was once inclined to take that trouble; but the lady for whom I felt all those ridiculous sensations we dignify with the name of love, found out a fellow, not twice her age, who gave her a hundred a year more jointure, and a coach with a coronet upon it. So, to tell you a secret, this very journey is made principally to avoid the importunities of some of my female friends on this subject of an heir. Is there amongst my fair countrywomen, one—one, sound of mind and body? One not nervous, or hypochondriac,

driac, or not enslaved by that supreme folly, the folly of fashion? No—not one.—From these, our epidemics, Miss Zaporo is at present free; and as she speaks only latin, the very sound of the language will terrify the whole ton; so that it is possible she may be two or three years before she is much corrupted. After all, Paradyne, if you can find a way to dispose of her more to your liking, be it as you will. Not one minute's anxiety shall I feel for the pro or the con.

In what odd and singular envelopes does nature sometimes inclose noble hearts! was Sir George's reflection, when in the silence of his apartment, he ran over the honourable Mr. Bardoe's actions since he became acquainted with him. "I must acknowledge him my superior in friendship and in virtue."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

ALL that was necessary to inform her judgment, Sir George communicated to Miss Zaporoz, who sighed and said, “if she could hope to inspire such a man with any degree of tenderness, she might be happy with such a man.” It was frequently canvassed between them, and once, Miss Zaporoz said, with a tremulous voice, a softened accent, with tears in her eyes, and a gentle touch with the hand that Sir George held in his, “You are the author of my felicity, if
any

any is reserved for me; how I wish I could owe it to you alone."

Is there in all England a coxcomb, who would not have construed this into a tender confession? A man of gallantry who would not have endeavoured to make the most of it? So coxcombs mistake motives, and the dear sex is calumniated. Undoubtedly it was nothing more than a mere impulse of gratitude. I will not affirm, for I will not affirm any thing I do not know, that Sir George's pulse might not be raised by it ten beats a minute; if so, the more his praise, to call the angel consideration so quick to his aid. Certainly it was simple gratitude, and Sir George answered it accordingly.

Miss Zaporro had given her consent; Mr. Bardoe, an obligation for a proper settlement; the marriage day was fixed. Two days before, the British consul gave a ball. Amongst many distinguished characters, there was an elderly man, an Austrian baron, who was at Venice in a public capacity. The baron, who loved conversation, especially English, had

had singled out Sir George, and had engaged him in a discourse, chiefly political. Sir George's replies to the baron's questions were open, candid, and liberal; and the baron expressed his satisfaction. Sir George, in return, wished for information concerning the Emperor Joseph's temper; his private and public turn of mind; his past politics; his future designs.

The sum of the baron's answers went to say, that the Emperor was undoubtedly a man of good understanding; that he had a passion for glory, but more for the glory of a legislator than of a conqueror. He saw abuses every where. He saw the nobles hold the bodies of his poor subjects in chains; whilst priests enslaved their minds. He wished to relieve them. He wished to do every thing, but every thing at once. This is his error; and this will be his death. He sickens to see the people blind to their own interest; and that his efforts to open their eyes, are unavailing. He has true and liberal ideas of the rights of the people. He proposes re-
form

form—is resisted—threatens—seems on the point of acting vigorously—understands it is the general will of the people, not to be happy in his way—yields to the general will—remits the execution of his designs—and will go down to future ages, as a bad politician.

“He did not, I think, yield to the general will of the Transylvanians?” said Sir George.

“Not wholly,” answered the Baron.

“They were in rebellion. He was under the necessity of taking arms to subdue them. This appeased,—they were left pretty much to their own ways.”

“His mind, however liberal,” said Sir George, “was not liberal enough to rise above the usual mode of vengeance. Heads and confiscations followed just as they would have done at the Ottoman or Persian courts.”

“Some few,” the Baron replied, “deserved their fate.”

“Was Count Zaporozhynsky of this number?” Sir George asked.

At

At the name of Count Zaporo the Baron started. "Is it known to you," said he, sternly, "that Count Zaporo married my sister?"

"This is my first information," answered Sir George. "It has happened to me to hear much of him; and if I have heard the truth, he deserved better fortune."

"He was brave," the Baron replied, "but he was rash. He had many virtues and many faults. May the memory of the latter be buried with him."

"He is dead then?" asked Sir George.

"He is dead;" the Baron answered.

"Did he leave offspring?" asked Sir George.

"One of his sons," the Baron replied, "died in battle, the other was cut off in a pursuit. Nothing remains of the count but a daughter, if she still lives. But tainted as the family is in its honour, we think not of reviving its memory. We think not of her."

"And would it not afflict you," said Sir George, "to know that there was in the world,

world, a niece of Baron Zoollern, not unworthy of her birth, destitute, and obliged to strangers for the support of an unhappy existence."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the Baron.

"There is," said Sir George, "now in Venice, an accomplished young lady, who calls herself the daughter of Count Zaporoz; and whom a series of misfortunes has reduced to unmerited distress. Permit me to wait upon you to-morrow, I shall have the honour of relating to you all I know of this lovely young person. After a pause, the Baron consented.

CHAP.

CHAP XVII.

THE Baron heard Sir George's narration, on the next day, with the air of a man who knew the world. Sir George's rank and character indeed placed him above the suspicion of deceiving, but not of being deceived. The Baron thanked him politely for his humanity, desired the lady's address, and invited him to renew the conference in the evening.

The Baron had resided some years at Hermanstadt, and knew the country and language well. He introduced himself to
Miss

Miss Zaporoz under the name of a Transylvanian family; he knew he could ask questions which an impostor might find it difficult to answer; and he thought himself secure of being known, because the young lady was but nine years old when he saw her last. He remembered then, she had the features of her mother. He now recognized the perfect resemblance of a much loved sister; and a very short conversation removed all suspicions of duplicity.

He then discovered himself: His life had been principally conversant in war and politics; and yet he had not lost the social affections. He wept over the image of his sister, and promised her his protection through life. She on her side, dissolved in tears of joy and gratitude, vowed eternal love and duty.

When the stronger emotions had subsided, she gave, at his request, a distinct account of her first acquaintance with Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Bardoe, with all the occurrences in consequence. She owned she revered Mr. Bardoe; his virtues required it.
But

But his offer of marriage arose from pure benevolence, not affection ; and had therefore engaged her gratitude but not her heart. Of Sir George Paradyne, she spoke as of a man of the nicest honour ; and requested the Baron to take his advice respecting the propriety or necessity of completing her union with Mr. Bardoe.

To this gentleman Sir George imparted his meeting with Baron Zoollern, and the subsequent conversation.

“ Then,” said Mr. Bardoe, “ I have lost my wife.” But he did not say this with a tone of so great despondence as so sad a case should seem to have required.

“ And why, pray ?” Sir George asked.

“ For what should she marry me now ?” asked Mr. Bardoe, in return.

“ Is she not bound in honour ?” said Sir George.

“ Can honour oblige her not to entertain new ideas, and form new wishes ?” Mr. Bardoe asked.

“ If

“If she seems to desire it then,” said Sir George, “you are content to resign her?”

“Certainly, Paradyne, you know I am devoted to her will,” replied Mr. Bardoe.

“It is a very bad compliment you pay her, even by indulging her inclinations,” said Sir George.

“Oh,” replied Mr. Bardoe, “I am ready to die of despair, if the lady thinks it necessary.”

“Suppose,” said Sir George, “she should determine for the nuptials?”

“Heaven forbid!” returned Mr. Bardoe.

“You are the strangest mortal,” said Sir George. “Your lady now brings you fortune and noble alliance. Are these motives for reluctance?”

“To a man of my taste, Paradyne,” Mr. Bardoe replied. “Stemmata, quid faciunt? I shall be plagued with Austrian quarterings; with Austrian religion; and, good heaven! with Austrian relations. No—if I do marry—I swear I will marry nothing but the little pilgrim.

pilgrim. I will have none of their money, their pride, or their acquaintance."

"From this animation," said Sir George, "I conclude you consider this separation as a desirable event."

"I leave the gentlemen, returned Mr. Bardoe, "and ladies too, to draw their own conclusions."



C H A P. XVIII.

MISS ZAPORO was removed immediately to the Baron's hotel, and was ready to receive Sir George in the evening. In a gentle progression, and with a superlative delicacy,

delicacy, she told him she was, no doubt, bound in honour—that is—if Mr. Bardoe insisted on her fulfilling her engagements; but, she hoped, when he considered all circumstances———Miss Zaporoz had never before spoke with so much hesitation, and so little consistence; so Sir George took the liberty to interrupt her, which was a piece of very obliging ill manners. He said that circumstances were undoubtedly altered; that Mr. Bardoe, his friend, must feel his disappointment; but, as a gentleman, he ought, and Sir George ventured to hope, he would, submit his own wishes to that of the lady. That he would take the earliest opportunity to converse with his friend on the subject; and that Miss Zaporoz's honour, her delicacy, and her happiness, should be his leading considerations.

From the present complexion of this business, my fair readers will conclude that Sir George did not meet with insuperable difficulties in his negotiation. There did indeed arise two matters for contention, such

as

as might have embroiled very able members of the diplomatique corps; but by the wisdom and moderation of the parties, were amicably settled.

The first was respecting the paraphernalian bijoux, with many of which Mr. Bardoe had presented Miss Zaporro, after she condescended to honour him with her hand. The Austrian cabinet was clear that these must be returned? the English, that they ought to remain as memorials of friendship. But as Mr. Bardoe intimated that he should suppose the lady angry at the turn affairs had taken, if she persisted in her proposition, Miss Zaporro was so good as to give up the point.

The second respected the point of politeness. It was Sir George's opinion that this required Mr. Bardoe to wait upon the lady, and take an affectionate farewell. In answer to this, Mr. Bardoe said, he made it a rule to take just as much trouble about a thing as it required, and no more. This was already done. It was quite unnecessary that he should go to tell Miss Zaporro a dozen of

polite lies, or that she should be put to the blush in answering them with equal sincerity. You, Paradyne," says he, "who have no objection to saying agreeable things to ladies, without standing upon the empty forms of veracity, may tell Miss Zaporozky that I am so worn down with grief and despair, that I have not sufficient strength to carry me to her; if I had, I should certainly do myself the pleasure to come and die at her feet."

Before I part with Miss Zaporozky, let me make some reparation for the injury I have been doing her. Since the first hour of our acquaintance, I have given her the title of Miss—and she is a lady in her own right. This injustice I have been induced to commit for the sake of a majority of my fair readers, who, I know, love not hard words; and would perhaps never have been in charity with the fair Zaporozky, had they been forced to pronounce her christian name. Those, however, whom this impolite neglect offends, will have the goodness to substitute every
where

where for Miss——Lady Xulicrangeſtein
Zaporo.

C H A P. XIX.

LET us now ſtop to reflect a little. Since the principal part of our buſineſs is to conduct a rich high blooded young Engliſhman to the temple of wiſdom, no ſmall undertaking, let us ſee if I may venture to congratulate my fair readers on the happy proſpect of our affairs.

The ſtormy paſſions which drove him from Paris, ſeem to have vaniſhed. If he thought of Mrs. Mowbray, of Mr. John Lake

Fielding, of Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines, it was with cool contempt. To Lady Xulicrangeſtein Zaporro, he had acted with the moſt conſummate honour. He appears to be no longer allured by imprudent pleaſures. It is to Miſs Colerain he now ſteers, as to his haven of happineſs. Mrs. Brimport inſpired him with all the ſoftneſs of fraternal affection. Mr. Lindſay with all the ardor of friendſhip. Can he again fall? No.

But, except his connoiſſeurſhip at Rome, my fair critics will tell me, he does not appear to have made much improvement by his travels. With all ſubmiſſion, I apprehend this to be erroneous. He muſt, at Paris, have loſt his mauvaſe honte; at Paris he muſt have acquired the moſt elegant of all taſtes for dreſs and dance; and what ſchool in the univerſe can equal Paris for eaſe and attitude, addreſs and grace.

Theſe are the eſſentials of a gentleman. If any of my fair readers are unreaſonable enough to deſire more, I have at this inſtant
before

before me all Sir George's remarks and observations upon the soil, climate, produce, government, and manners of Italy, and upon the heaths of Germany. These I intend to compile in four quarto volumes, with an appendix containing a new system of things—my own system. But this I reserve for the melancholy era, when I find my services are no longer acceptable to the fair sex. Whilst they are—I think not of men.

CHAP XX.

THE late occurrences at Venice had improved the acquaintance of Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Bardoe, into solid friendship.

F 4

ship. Each saw, and each respected the other's foibles, for they were spots only in two suns. Both wished to be in England. Mr. Bardoe, that he might look down upon mankind in the fulness of ease and apathy; Sir George, that he might begin the duties of a citizen, of a friend, of a man—for Love is of a Man.

They took their rout thro' Swabia, and as they avoided courts and gallantries, reached Aix la Chapelle without disaster. Here they intended to rest a few days; for Mr. Bardoe found good accommodations; and Sir George, abundant novelty of character; for the baths here bring together strangers of every country in Europe.

Belonging to the baths at Aix are many pleasant walks, in which Sir George, who loved to rise early, chose to take the fresh air of the morning, and think of—England, before they began to fill with bathers and water-drinkers. One morning he saw reeling before him, two well dressed young fellows arm in arm, singing, or attempting to sing, French catches.

catches. At the end of the walk they turned full upon him. One was a thin emaciated creature, with eyes which seemed starting from their sockets; his wrinkled skin of a dirty saffron. This personage no sooner threw his eyes upon Sir George, than he stopped; and staring at him a full half minute, advanced with his offered hand, and accosted him thus. ““ Hah—my buck! I am glad to see thee, d——n me.” What was Sir George’s astonishment, when he recognized in this debilitated animal, the features of his late blooming friend John Lake Fielding, Esq. He viewed him with a mixture of indignation and concern; then turning off, said, “I have not the honour to know you, Sir.”

“Why!” returned the other, “what the devil! thou art not drunk so soon in a morning? Is Jack Fielding so altered?”

“He has been long altered,” said Sir George.

“Not an atom, my boy! I’m honest Jack still.”

“Honest!” repeated Sir George. “But it is not necessary this gentleman should be amused with our altercations.”

“He’s a jolly Saxon, and don’t know English,” replied Fielding. “But what! art thou disposed to call my honesty in question? Oh, d——n me—now I remember—I believe I might have a few of thy thousands. But what’s money amongst friends? hah, boy? Come, forget and forgive. It was only a youthful frolic. And curse me if I don’t think the balance was in my favour at last; only for helping to get rid of thy she-devil.”

“I have to thank you too for the Conciergerie,” said Sir George.

“No, d——n me,” returned the other, “that was not mine. I always said it was not the genteel thing. It was thy fair friend. Rot me, but she had provocation enough too. It was a damned insult to bring her own husband to die under her nose. A droll incident it was. Then to see thee take to godliness upon it. We did laugh——Yes, we

we did laugh sure enough, and we concluded, that, with thy pious qualms, thou never would'st be good for any thing; so we consulted to get rid of thee in the best manner possible. I said, pink him. That's the genteel thing. But I was over ruled. Come, give me thy hand—forget and forgive. I have revenged thy cause nobly. I have scoured the country of the whole pack. The Count and our two women I mean. Curse the unnatural dog! Would'st believe it Paradyne, he was just upon the point of serving me the same trick as Polydore served Castalio. The very same I assure thee. I had a pretty girl here—but mum. I discovered the dog, and was going to send him to the devil, when he plumped upon his knees. I did pardon him; but it was only on condition that he never came within fifty miles of my imperial presence. He decamped with the two women. So far I was obliged to him. But I shall dispatch him to the seat of old Belzebub still, if ever he comes in my way. For I have since discovered that, by

the help of two Calabrians, he choused me out of 5000, at a single sitting; and d——n him, at last, he is nothing but a Neopolitan barber."

"And could you consider that as an offence?" asked Sir George.

"Oh, I smoke thee, my buck. But he and I entered into an honest partnership together to bubble the rest of mankind; so it was an unpardonable breach of contract to turn his arms against me."

"May such partnerships," said Sir George, "have always such fates."

"If my grandmother had not died before I was worth a gown and cassock," answered this wild reprobate, "I would have made thee a present of it, and one hour a week, thou should'st have had free ingress to batter my sins. As imprimis, I throwed dice. Eh—well, Parson Paradyne,—were not dice made to be thrown? Secundo, I kissed the women. And what were the women made for but to be kissed. Tertio, I drank my wine. And wine was made to be drank, my boy."

boy. I have confuted thee with pure logic, so don't say I'm drunk. It is true we have been keeping it up. Stuck to the burgundy, my boy, four hours after the pharoah table broke up; and then came here pour le frais. What dost say to a bottle of burgundy this morning?"

"I say," said Sir George, "that my anger is changed into pity and contempt. So to have prostituted your fine talents. So soon to have destroyed a healthy constitution with intemperance! I am sorry for you, Fielding! I had intended to have honoured you with a gentleman's notice for the injuries you have done me; but you are fallen beneath my concern. Farewell!"

"Farewell then—and damn your moral pride, Paradyne. When thou art disposed to boast of thy—virtues, remember, twelve months since it was but the throw of a dye, whether thou hadst not turned up, just such another jolly hale honest fellow as Jack Fielding."

That

“That is too true indeed,” said Sir George, with a sigh, as he hastened away. “Alas! we are all the children of habit, and the sport of contingents.”

CHAP XXI.

SIR GEORGE saw Mr. Fielding no more. He died fifteen days after, and kept it up, as well as he was able, to the last hour. Sic transit voluptas. Sic moritur dementia.

The next place at which our travellers made any stay was Brussels. They were beginning to talk about liberty here; for the Emperor Joseph had offended the priests, and
had

had not pleased the nobility. These two bodies were the prime movers of throwing off the yoke of tyranny; and they would undoubtedly have produced a liberty, that would have delighted the soul of Mr. Burke, and all good bishops; and who would not have prostituted herself to vulgar embraces. They have tried and failed; for when she came to be stripped of her meretricious ornaments, the Flemings found her old and ugly.

But what have we to do with liberty? our business is with Sir George Paradyne. One night at the theatre, entering late, he was shewn into a box where a French officer was engaged in conversation with an English gentleman, a Mr. Brent. Their eyes were directed to a box on the opposite side, which had in it two ladies only and a gentleman. "That is what I do not know," said Mr. Brent, "for I have not the honour of her acquaintance. She is said to be a great fortune, perfectly independent, and to know the value of freedom."

Has

“Has she declared against marriage?” asked the officer.

“That,” replied Mr. Brent, “is not what I mean. It is that she is less attentive to character than our more sober ladies of quality are.”

“Sur l’amour,” said the officer, “c’est ravissante; I wish I knew any one who could introduce me to her.”

“Her master of the ceremonies, at present,” answered Mr. Brent, “is the Marquis de Pauliere, he who is with her in the box. It is said, that he is her fate. It is even whispered, she took this journey on purpose to marry him; not chusing to do it in London, because she has relations of quality, who might be troublesome with their impertinent observations.”

“O ciel!” said the officer, “how I admire her spirit, but pity her infatuation. You are English, Brent; your country will introduce you, and you me.”

Sir George’s eyes were directed by those of the ardent officer to a box, in which shone
in

in fulness of brilliancy—Lady Ann Brixworth. She was accompanied by the good-natured convenient Mrs. Harcourt; and the Marquis de Pauliere was no other than Sir George's old acquaintance,—the Marquis de Valines, who my fair readers may possibly remember, was left at London, with Count Colliano, en famille at madam Harcourt's.

It had happened that the affair of the duel, and its cause, had occupied the conversation of the polite circles a few days, not much to the advantage of Lady Ann. She received in consequence, some slights; and at the Countess of A's assembly, three lords, who had been used to contend for the honour, suffered her to be handed to her chair by a commoner.

In resentment of this atrocious behaviour, she became more and more addicted to domestic pleasures. The Count and the Marquis conceived hopes of success; but as they knew both could not, they were just upon the point of deciding which should be the happy man in the field of honour, when
it

it occurred to one of them that their proper weapons were the dice. So they agreed to throw for her. He who lost was to quit England till after the marriage; and then to receive one tenth of the lady's fortune in full of all demands whatever. The fortunate lot falling upon the Marquis, the Count retired to Paris, where we had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

It was not long before Lady Ann's eyes and Sir George's met. He bowed. She bowed. But it was not altogether a bow of graciousness. She seemed rather surprised into it, for she drew up, put on an air of gravity, and turned her eyes upon the stage.

"Very true," said Sir George to himself, "it does not become Lady Ann Brixworth's dignity to forget injuries; those she does or those she suffers. I have nothing to ask from Lady Ann."

"But," continued he, in this silent soliloquy, "it would be cruel to permit her to run headlong on her ruin, without endeavouring

ing at least to open her eyes. I will consider of it."

Returning to his hotel, Sir George communicated to Mr. Bardoe what he had seen, and what had before passed between himself and Lady Ann Brixworth, and asked his advice.

"Things are going on very well," said his friend, "if your Quixotism will permit them their course. The lady has a certain portion of the devil in her; and the kindest thing you can wish her, is a due punishment here. Let her alone."

"But," said Sir George, "one cannot for pity's sake——"

"Her pity for you," replied Mr. Bardoe, "sharpened the sword of your friend Captain Harcourt; now perhaps it will sharpen the stiletto of the honourable Marquis. Let her alone."

Sir George could not listen to any argument drawn from his own safety; nor could he withdraw his pity. He therefore sent his servant with the following billet:

"Sir

“ Sir George Paradyne’s compliments to Lady Ann Brixworth, requests permission to pay her his respects.”

Lady Ann answered thus:

“ Lady Ann Brixworth’s compliments to Sir George Paradyne, does not know why he should seek to renew an acquaintance which he formerly abused. She permits therefore his politeness to rest in peace.”

Sir George wrote back:

“ Something more than politeness is my motive for wishing to see Lady Ann Brixworth——her peace.”

Lady Ann wrote thus:

“ Her Peace! That has already been sufficiently wounded by Sir George Paradyne. It is not necessary to renew the act, or the remembrance.”

Sir

Sir George answered with the following:

“ I also have something to remember, but which I chuse to forget when Lady Ann’s happiness is at stake.—Though she interdicts me her presence, I hope, for her own sake, she will listen to my remonstrance. It is whispered here, Lady Ann, that you are going to give your hand to the Marquis de Pauliere. Lady Ann—there is no Marquis de Pauliere—

“ GEORGE PARADYNE.”

“ This,” answered Lady Ann, “is a poor contrivance. I shall however keep it from the Marquis’s knowledge, for Sir George Paradyne’s sake.

“ ANN BRIKWORTH.”

“ Then,” replied Sir George, “it will be incumbent upon myself to inform him of it. In two hours you will hear of him—in the hands of justice.

“ GEORGE PARADYNE.”

It

It must be owned that Lady Ann's heroism was rather shook by this last billet; but it was supported by the superior heroism of Mrs. Harcourt. To this good lady indeed, the whole connexion between Lady Ann and the Marquis was owing; and she had solid reasons for promoting it. Her character was become contemptible, and she had discernment sufficient to see it. She had lost the respect even of her children; and her fortune was reduced almost to nothing. She would have been glad to have exchanged England for any country; but for France—the Paradise of women—oh, it was delightful. She did not suspect the Marquis to be an impostor; but lest he should, she chose to secure herself; and was at this instant in possession of his bond for ten thousand pounds, payable in six months after the marriage had taken place.

It will not therefore be wondered at, that Sir George's billets should inspire her with rage; which she endeavoured to turn into contempt. She—for she knew the world—and had heard of Sir George's extravagance
at

at Paris, and of his losses at play—believed he wanted to renew with Lady Ann, or rather with Lady Ann's fortune; and she knew also that if he succeeded, there would be an end of her consequence and of her hopes.

Sir George's last billet, however, had struck deep, and as soon as she had satisfied Lady Ann by a thousand assurances that the Marquis must be a man of honour, she went out to satisfy herself. At the Marquis's lodgings, things were rather in disorder; for he had sat out early in the morning for Dauphine, accompanied only by his favourite servant. Two portmanteaus were ordered to be sent after him: whilst an old trunk had the charge of keeping possession of the premises. It was the old Marchioness de Valines, his mother, who occasioned this. She was going to die, but could not die with comfort unless her dear son closed her eyes.

A most affectionate letter was left for Lady Ann, to inform her of this sad event, and to request she would set out as soon as possible for Bareges, where the Marchioness, his
honoured

honoured mother, had gone to drink the waters, and to resign her soul into the hands of him who gave it; an event, which, though accompanied by a large accession of fortune to himself, he had hoped was at a much greater distance.

There was also a letter for Mrs. Harcourt. I never knew the contents; for it was consigned to the flames as soon as read. I can only guess from the tenor of the advice this wise lady gave Lady Ann, that the arguments in it were prevailing.

Lady Ann was not much addicted to reflection; but thoughts will intrude mal-apropos, as they now did to this lady. She could not conceive how mothers could be loved with so much ardour; or where was the necessity of such precipitation. What difference could a few hours have made?

Mrs. Harcourt, on the contrary, was charmed with this trait of the Marquis's conduct; for a good son must make a good husband.

“ But

“ But where is the necessity,” said Lady Ann, “ of harassing me across all France, and so near the winter?”

“ It was his affection which dictated this request,” answered Mrs. Harcourt. “ My opinion however is, that you should go instantly to Paris; and write him that you will wait his arrival there.”

“ Then,” said Lady Ann, “ we need not hasten from Brussels.”

“ And so be plagued with the impertinence of that Sir George Paradyne,” replied Mrs. Harcourt. “ But I protest I would never admit that meddling young man to my presence; and to avoid it, I would not stay in Brussels—no—not an hour.”

To this Lady Ann made no answer; her thoughts had taken a little turn. Sir George was always esteemed a man of honour. Could a man of honour assert so scandalous a thing of a nobleman; which must overwhelm him with confusion when the falsity of it was discovered, as it soon must be? How if it should be true? What ought to be her

gratitude to Sir George, if he should really prove the favour of her fortune and her honour? What if he should have views of a more tender nature? Nothing ever could or should convince her, he did not love her once. Perhaps she forfeited his affection by a behaviour of too great levity; and his delicacy would not permit him to assign the true cause. Oh—if!—if she could return to England Lady Ann Paradyne, how would all her enemies, her slanderers be put to shame.

Such were the rapid and tumultuous thoughts which now assailed Lady Ann; and disposed her to think that at any rate, to see and hear Sir George could do no harm. But—after the proud answers she had returned him, how could her high spirit stoop to ask a favour?

Pride is a very high power. Few of us but know it well. Yet, great as it is, there are men who make it bend to *little* interests. Nay, there have been examples of ladies who have subdued it on certain tender occasions.

It scarce took Lady Ann two hours, after she had shut herself up in her dressing-room to the exclusion of Mrs. Harcourt; whose apartments happened to be situated at the other extremity of the house in which they lodged. The struggle over, she honoured Sir George with the following

NOTE.

“ If you have sufficient generosity to overlook a lady’s petulance, I wish to charge you with a little commission to Lord Auf-champ. If you grant me this request, you will have the goodness to call upon me at your earliest convenience.

Your most obedient,

“ ANN BRIXWORTH.”

SIR GEORGE PARADYNE.

Amongst all the bad qualities which have from time to time, to my great vexation, disgraced Sir George Paradyne, implacability—especially to ladies—thank heaven—was not found. He answered the above, that he would wait upon the lady in an hour. This

hour he wanted to consult Mr. Bardoe, who, in consequence of the little prejudices he had imbibed against the beautiful sex, gave him the same advice Mrs. Harcourt had given Lady Ann—not to stay in Brussels an hour; but it was one of Sir George's peculiarities, never to take advice he did not relish.

Lady Ann received Sir George in her dressing-room, in a delicate undress; and the expression of her pretty face was a soft languor, bordering on dejection. There was a time when Sir George would have thought her an interesting figure; but, to the seducing charms of beauty, all but Miss Colerain's, he had steeled his heart.

The interview however was very long, and as it should seem, very important. I do not pretend to know all that passed in it. It is certain that Sir George convinced Lady Ann that the Marquis de Pauliere had been a valet, and was married; and that Lady Ann shed abundance of tears—no doubt, of contrition. It appears also that Sir George's humanity was exerted to dry up these tears; and

and that he succeeded. How I know not; nor presume to guess; for I have learned, thank heaven, to remain quiet in ignorance, when I cannot get knowledge; and I recommend it to philosophers and theologians to do the same.

What I do know is, that for almost a month ensuing, Sir George was generously assiduous in alleviating Lady Ann's afflictions. He introduced her to the best company in Brussels; made agreeable excursions to the neighbouring cities; and attended her to all the public amusements. All which time the honourable Mr. Bardoe amused himself his own way; satisfied to throw a few satirical darts at his friend, whenever he came within bow-shot.

C H A P. XXII.

IT is more that I would not leave the curiosity of one of my fair readers unsatisfied, than that I think the matter of any importance, that I write this short chapter, to account for the precipitate retreat of the handsome valet of the Marquis de Valines. It was wholly owing to the inopportune appearance of Sir George at the theatre.

When this important personage left the Chateau de Valines to set up a marquifate of his own, he left a friend in it, who promised from time to time to make him acquainted with

with any occurrences which might affect himself; and was to be rewarded with now and then an English bank note, the value of which is known in every corner of France. By this friend, Monsieur Pritteau, for that was our adventurer's name, was informed of the visit Sir George had paid the old Marquis; and of his having gained true intelligence relative to himself. This information reached him in London, when his affairs with Lady Ann were very promising. All of a sudden, a superior marquifate, that of de Pauliere, fell to him by the death of an uncle; and he was under the absolute necessity of going to it for the regulation of his affairs. This marquifate being situate in the Cambresis, it would lay him under inexpressible and eternal obligations if Lady Ann would visit Brussels; for how could he endure life, a long, long summer, without her reviving presence? And Lady Ann had the good nature to keep him in endurance, by a grant of his request.

Monfieur Pritteau had often met his friend too, Count Colliano, the Neapolitan barber, this fummer at Aix and Spa, and received from him new apprehenfions of the terrible Sir George Paradyne.

C H A P. XXIII.

WHEN people are flying on the wings of pleasure, they feldom take much pains to inquire where they are going. And yet, confidering that, in a mind not habituated to depravities, violations of the laws of prudence and propriety are always attended with remorse,

morse, at least ; it might be well if the inquiry was more frequently made.

Not that I mean to bring any heavy accusation against Sir George. His connexion with Lady Ann was innocent, no doubt, perfectly innocent—but it was too close. Every body knows that when two motives, a black and a white, offer themselves to the consideration of those who are sitting in judgement on the conduct of their neighbours, they chuse—which they like best. Now as it happened that in Brussels, the fautors of the black were more numerous than of the white—I hope Brussels is singular in this—neither Sir George nor Lady Ann could escape the little malignities.—Yes—it was too close. The nequid nimis of Horace, has almost as little effect in regulating a young man's impetuosities, as the Epistles of St. Paul.

But what neither St. Paul, nor Horace, nor the pointed arrows of Mr. Bardoe could effect, was done in an instant by an electric shock. Not a month since, Sir George had given one something similar, in the same

place, the theatre, to the noble Marquis de Pauliere. This was from a female battery, from a pair of azure eyes, whose lambent flames were more awful to Sir George, than all the frowning terror that could have been collected upon all the stern brows of all the majesties of Europe and Asia.

Lady Ann made her appearance this night at her usual hour, the interval betwixt the third and fourth act—in all the blaze of diamond lustre—Sir George at her side. The lady threw her eyes round the boxes to collect the homage due to her. Sir George to see where his was proper to be paid.

In one of these boxes—without a pearl—or any thing to attract eyes, but simple grace and beauty—sat Miss Colerain; whose eyes happened to be thrown upon Sir George the instant his were directed to her.

I have supposed Sir George struck with an electric shock. What else could have forced the blood with such rapidity into his face; and into the sinuosities of his brain; so as to throw all the intellectual motions into confusion?

fusion? I hope my fair readers have compassion; and sure Sir George was now a proper object of it.

Opposite to him sat the woman whom he loved—whom he esteemed—whom he looked up to as his partner in all the happiness of his future life. By his side sat the woman he did not love—at his heart—whom he still less esteemed—and upon whom he rested for no part of his future happiness. Yet—oh folly!—such are thy effects! She had a present claim to his attentions.

Lady Ann saw his blushing confusion; observed where his eyes were directed; and asked if he knew the lady in the opposite box? It was the easiest thing in the world to say yes, and the properest. But Sir George said neither yes or no; nor any thing very intelligible.—He thought—he believed—he did not know—but he might have seen the lady in England—and he blushed still deeper when he said this—for equivocation, with Sir George, was a very unfamiliar practice.

“Yes,” said Lady Ann, “I fancy you have seen her before. Pray—if it is not a secret—what is her name?”

“Her name? Lady Ann—it is—I am endeavouring to recollect it—” stammered out Sir George.

“Bless me,” said Lady Ann, laying her hand upon his, “for a lady you cannot recollect—she has a vast influence upon your nervous system.”

“Mine! dear Lady Ann, how you talk!” said Sir George.

“But have you recollected the lady?” asked Lady Ann.

“Yes—yes—” Sir George replied, “she is a Miss Colerain, a stranger in Brussels. Common politeness requires I should go to pay her my respects.”

“It is a trembling politeness,” said Lady Ann, with a sort of an hysteric laugh, “but very well—I suppose I see you for the last time. Adieu, Sir George.”

“Dear Lady Ann! how you talk! sure
common

common complaisance does not deserve such severity of reproof."

"Common complaisance! Does common complaisance shake people like an ague?"

"Dear Lady Ann—you quite mistake the matter—quite!—"

"There is a way to convince me of it—an easy way. For sure, the sacrifice of a little common complaisance is no great matter—considering——"

"I would make you a thousand sacrifices. But dear Lady Ann let your commandments be founded on reason."

"Of which, you will be the judge. Well! you see we are the only occupiers of this box. I am not disposed to give Miss—what's her name, the appearance of a triumph."

"A triumph! how can such a thought enter your head. I will not stay ten minutes. But not to go—just to speak to Miss Colerain—stranger as she is—would be such a solecism

cism in good manners—that—really Lady Ann—I never knew you so unjust before.”

“Your duplicity is admirable! and I am fated to be eternally its dupe. GO”

This little monosyllable, Lady Ann seemed to heave up with the whole force of her expirative powers, aided by anger, or disdain. Sir George did not go. For a playhouse is not a good place to think in, and to take wise resolutions. So he sat the remainder of the entertainment like—like a man who had affronted himself, and was quarrelling with himself for the injury.

Poor Sir George! Not a single deviation from the straight unamusing line of rectitude, without a punishment! How hard a fate!

C H A P XXIV.

WHEN Sir George had escorted Lady Ann home, she hoped he would stay supper. He begged to be excused. He was not well. She suspected the disease to be Miss Colerain; and not having lately read that excellent treatise, the government of the tongue, she was extremely liberal of her epithets, many of which were new, at least to Sir George, and which I would have detailed for the use of my fair readers, if I could have thought any of them were unprovided. Not that I would much recommend the use
of

of them, because, as in the present case, they do not always succeed; but because I would always have the fair sex perform in the best manner possible, whatever they undertake.

I am sorry I cannot exhibit Sir George as a pattern of genteel Socratic patience. On the contrary I find him, this night, much too irritable. He retorted upon the lady. I cannot pardon this. Nay, in the midst of a most eloquent declamation, which she poured profusely out for Sir George's benefit, he tore himself away; and without the common ceremonies of politeness, left Lady Ann to the cold consolations of Mrs. Harcourt.

Not in a humour for society, Sir George went to bed. There, instead of sleeping, he amused himself with making philosophical reflections—Medicines, said to be invented to allay the fever of the mind; but which, in this instance, failed of their salutary purpose.

Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill, for she also was there, were accompanied to the theatre by two ladies and two gentleman, one of whom a Mr. Follis, Sir George happened
to

to know. To this gentleman's he went in the morning, as early as propriety would admit; and from him he learned that Miss Carlill and her friend, whom he knew only by name, had been his guests. That the first lady come to settle some accounts respecting John Carlill of Ghent, her uncle; that they had been at Brussels a week, and had gone for Ghent that morning. "Gone!" said Sir George. "Not an hour since," replied Mr. Follis. This gave Sir George a disturbance he was scarce able to conceal; but he had other matters of inquiry.

"May I ask," said he, "how the ladies amused themselves here?"

"An indisposition took Miss Colerain the second evening; from which she can scarce be said to be recovered. It was with difficulty she was persuaded to go to the theatre last night. We thought it might be of service to her. But I think she came back worse than she went. It was only last night she declared her resolution, as Miss Carlill had

had finished her business, of leaving Brussels this morning."

"Did she see any English families," Sir George asked, "or make inquiry after any?"

"She saw some English gentlemen at my house," Mr. Follis replied, "but I do not remember she was particular in her inquiries."

"I knew her in England," Sir George said, "and should have been glad to have made my services acceptable to her. But I suppose she did not know of my being in Brussels."

Mr. Follis smiled.

"By that smile," said Sir George, "you should seem to think otherwise."

"Your name, Sir George," Mr. Follis replied, "was certainly made use of by a tea-drinking party, English principally, at my house, the second evening after the arrival of our guests; the same evening in which Miss Colerain was taken with her indisposition."

"If it is not improper to ask," said Sir George,

George, "I should wish to know, if any thing was said to my prejudice?"

"Oh no," Mr. Follis answered, "not in the least. You were only spoken of as un gentilhomme de bonne fortune; happy in the smiles of Lady Ann Brixworth."

"Good God!" said Sir George, with impatience, "Mr. Follis, I beg you will contradict this report. It is injurious to the honour of Lady Ann Brixworth. There is nothing in it."

"If you desire it, Sir George," answered Mr. Follis, "but really, from the general character of Sir George Paradyne, I know not how to speak of his addressee reflecting disgrace on any lady."

Sir George blushed at his own faux pas, which arose from his understanding the full force of the French expression, de bonne fortune, better than Mr. Follis seemed to do."

"My addressee to Lady Ann then," said Sir George, "was the only idea meant to be conveyed by your tea-drinking party?"

"I sup-

“ I suppose so,” replied Mr. Follis. “ But men, you know, like to treat such subjects with hilarity ; and a little equivocation gives them a peculiar zest. However, the ladies, our guests, did not seem much entertained. Indeed Miss Colerain’s indisposition seized her soon after ; and she was obliged to retire.”

How many stabs for Sir George !

C H A P. XXV.

ARRIVED at his hotel, he sought the apartment of his friend ; and having unloaded himself, appealed to him, whether he was not the most unfortunate ?

“ Not

“Not quite,” Mr. Bardoe answered, “for you have meat, clothes, and fire; according to our great poet, the three unpoetical requisites of life. The bowl of pleasure indeed has not always ran upon the smoothest ground. But nature has made no ground quite smooth. Nor did she chuse to fabricate roses without thorns; I suppose, lest men should be eternally smelling.”

“You are the d——st comforter,” said Sir George. “Have you began to think of leaving this cursed place?”

“A few days since,” returned Mr. Bardoe, “Brussels was a delightful city; clean, well paved, and well policed. What secret metamorphosis has happened; for I see no change?”

“You delight to plague one;” Sir George answered; “however, I must go off for Ghent directly; and will either return hither, or wait your coming there, which you choose.”

“Have you communicated this agreeable
fancy

fancy to Lady Ann Brixworth?" Mr. Bardoe asked.

"No—the devil—" Sir George answered. "How can you be so provoking? Have I not told you how she used me? No—I will never see her more."

"It may," answered Mr. Bardoe, "be a wise resolution; but it is hardly a gallant one. But that, thank heaven, is your business, not mine. I shall be ready in an hour."

"It agreed ill with Sir George's impatience to wait this hour; and it prevented his overtaking the ladies upon the road; and made it improper to visit them that evening. In the morning, Sir George sought their lodgings, and sent in his name to Miss Colerain. Miss Colerain was indisposed and could not see any body. He went away, rather bilious; but having walked half round the town walls, the bile began to return into its proper channels; he returned, and sent in his name to Miss Carlill, who received him with a quaker-like civility, which almost froze his blood."

A man

A man—except he is a lawyer—who is conscious of a defect in his cause, will begin his pleadings with a defect of confidence. Sir George—but not with the readiness of a man at his ease—opened the cause by saying, “How extremely unfortunate he was not to know of the ladies being at Bruffels.”

The fair quaker answered, “man cannot reasonably expect to be fortunate in all things.”

At present, Sir George did not chuse to understand this; so went on to complain of Miss Colerain’s cruelty, and Miss Carlill’s want of friendship, not to honour him with notice of their arrival.

“We learned,” said Miss Carlill, “thou wert otherwise employed.”

“I must have been employed in a business of more importance than life or death, not to have relinquished or deferred it, on such an occasion.”

“Friend Paradyne,” said Miss Carlill, “let us leave inflated language to poets; it will shorten our labour, to be explicit. Thou wert engaged with Ann Brixworth.”

“I know

“ I knew Lady Ann in London,” replied Sir George ; “ and it would have been the ~~extream~~ of unpoliteness, not to have taken some notice of her, in a foreign country.”

“ One is not prepared to admire the politeness of renewing an acquaintance in Brussels which did thee so little honour in London.”

“ I happened to be able to do her an essential piece of service ; not to have done it, would have been an inhumanity for which I could not have forgiven myself. Her gratitude imposed upon me the obligation of attending upon her more closely than otherwise I should.”

“ I dare say it did,” said Miss Carlill.”

“ You have heard some Brussels scandal, my dear Miss Carlill.”

“ Brussels has talked of thee, no doubt.”

“ And what has it said?”

“ That which I shall not repeat. What most grieves Cornelia Colerain, is thy indifference to all things but Ann Brixworth.

Thou

Thou hast cultivated the acquaintance of no man of letters. Thou hast been in pursuit of no science. Ann hath been thy sole passion."

"I do assure you, Miss Carlill," said Sir George——"

"Let me interrupt thee," returned Miss Carlill. "I ask thee no questions; I require of thee no assurances. Do not debase thyself."

"Is there no convincing you?" asked Sir George.

"What wouldst thou say? Not that thy engagement with Ann Brixworth is of the light kind—that would be treachery to her. Not that it had been honourable—that would be a forfeit of the faith thou stilt professest for Cornelia. Not that it has been neither one nor the other—for who would believe thee?"

"You would make a most admirable judge, to decide the cause before you have heard it."

"Have I not heard it?"

"Only one side, I think."

"All that ingenuity could say on the other, I have heard, for Cornelia was thy advocate, till circumstances pressed too strong

upon her. When this happened, I ventured to become thy advocate; till—thou sawest Cornelia at the theatre I think.”

“ I did.”

“ Then say, George Paradyne, to what cause could it be owing, that thou camest not to her? But beware of an answer calculated to prevaricate or to deceive. If it would have been the extream of unpoliteness not to have noticed Ann Brixworth in a foreign country—what was it to Cornelia? To Cornelia—who loved thee with such sanctity of affection; all her prayers to heaven are for thy happiness, thy glory. This it was that brought conviction home to the bosom of Cornelia. For of what nature soever might be the bonds by which thou wert bound to Ann Brixworth; no act of thine, could more strongly demonstrate, that they were superior to those by which thou wert bound to Cornelia.”

There was in this reproof, a something, besides solemnity and emphasis, that struck Sir George to the heart. He had no longer
the

the least inclination to prevaricate; for he had none to speak. He sat down upon a sofa; his pale face declared the sickness of his mind; and made Miss Carlill pity—though she could not excuse him.

At length, “I am guilty of folly,” said he; “but of abatement of affection to Miss Colerain, I am not guilty. May I be permitted to throw myself at her feet, to ask her pardon, and submit to her mercy?”

“Thou canst not see her,” replied Miss Carlill; “it would be cruel, and it would be impolitic also, supposing thou still lovest her, at present to desire it. She is sick at heart, and thou art the cause.”

“May I stay at Ghent, with hopes of seeing her?” Sir George asked.

“By no means,” Miss Carlill replied. “It would retard her recovery, and do thee no service.”

“May I,” asked Sir George, “depend upon your friendship?”

“Depend upon thyself,” answered Miss Carlill. “Cornelia Colerain has not changed

her manner of thinking. She loves thee. That is a weakness she cannot conquer. But she does not at present esteem thee. Never will she be any thing to the man whom she cannot esteem as well as love. Since she has known thee, thy life has been a series of ebbs and flows. Thou hast been able to make wise and virtuous resolutions; but not to keep them. Thy nature is ingenuous; weigh thyself; make thyself estimable in thy own eyes. Till thou art so, attempt not to see Cornelia Colerain. This is thy only way."

This tone brought on a more confidential discourse, in which Miss Carlill convinced Sir George, that she was his friend, that she gave him the best advice possible, when she advised him to trust to time, his own merit, and Miss Colerain's affections. He only wrote his fair inexorable a note of sad contrition, and took his leave.

CHAP XXVI.

EVERY thing in this world is the best possible. Leibnitz taught this grand truth, and every body believes it—but the unhappy. Hitherto, Sir George Paradyne had little cause to impugn this consolatory system; for few clouds had yet intervened to shade the sunshine of his days. For him, nature was all loveliness. Her flowers and her fruits—all exquisite. Man—whose expansive mind could measure the celestial spaces, and read greek. — Man approached the divinity. Woman—was divinity itself.

This approach of man to divinity, (I dispute not that of women) seems to me to be rather an amplification; and with regard to one attribute, that of immutability, rather an error of conception; for one hour, one single hour, had made Sir George discover this system of optimism to be false. When he left Ghent, the earth's green livery was faded; the towns were filled with men who made cheating each other the important business of their lives; and with men who murdered their fellow creatures scientifically, at the rate of six-pence a day, English. Man, no doubt, had a soul, but in what did he exercise it? To speculate in ideal worlds—to involve mankind in darkness, and inflame them with destructive animosity, for words. Nay, women———stop, dear Sir George. A biographer must sacrifice every thing to truth. What is beauty? Sir George began to ask, and to answer—a gaudy flower, made to please the eye of man——and plague his heart. The caprice of the sex is intolerable. At heart, every woman is—a tyrant. This blasphemy,

blasphemy, thank heaven, is none of mine; let Sir George answer it.

From this general and unfounded accusation of the lovely sex, he did not exempt even Miss Colerain. On what mighty offence of his did she found her inexorability? A supposed connexion with Lady Ann Brixworth; which nothing but the malignity of the world would resolve into any thing but the mere ardour of politeness. Suppose it not so, are these the times to reject a man for a little matter of mere temporal gallantry? Or could Miss Colerain doom him to misery for the offence of not going round the theatre to welcome her to Brussels? a mere etiquette, in which as much politeness would be lost on one side, as gained on the other?

After all, causes should at least be as great as their effects; but this effect is much greater than its assigned cause; much greater. Perhaps he knew the ostensible cause only. Perhaps the real one is of a different nature. Miss Colerain has seen other men. She likes France. Some Count

or Marquis, perhaps. This is the probability. Yes—this is certainly the truth. Such is woman!

Alas! such is man!

CHAP XXVII.

THUS endeavouring, according, to the laudable custom of man, to throw his own faults and follies upon some other person, or some other thing, Sir George Paradyne arrived from his travels at his house in Grosvenor-Square. Lady Mary received him with all the tenderness so fond a mother could be supposed to feel; but Lady Mary's tender

tender sensations were always under the controul of reason, and never interfered with her dignity. In the first hour of his arrival, she gave him a lecture that might serve as a comment upon the past, and a lesson for the future. She had heard of Paris, of Mrs. Mowbray, and of Count Colliano. Not that Lady Mary's censures were directed against the immoralities of gallantries and gaming, for these are ton, and ton admits not of immorality; but against Sir George's unskilful application of them. The object of the first was a woman of no consequence in life; with whom he could never arrive at any degree of eclat. Of the second, a mere adventurer, when so many of the real French noblesse would have been glad of his money, and have given him celebrity in exchange. So Lady Mary might have exclaimed with Mr. Pope—

“Virtue, we grant, is but an empty boast;

“Gods! shall the dignity of vice be lost?”

Notwithstanding the little rebuffs Sir George had met with in his travels, he had acquired—I believe it is a process of nature—a higher opinion of himself than he seems to have set out with. He had acquired also a certain higher degree of irritability, the work of Ghent, I presume, and the union of these was incompatible with the patient endurance with which he had been accustomed to hear Lady Mary's readings; he told her therefore, when she gave him leave to speak, "That he must for the future take the liberty to suppose himself out of the nursery, and that if she had nothing more agreeable to entertain him with, than his own follies, he must beg leave to decline the pleasure of her company." *bravo!*

"I suppose," said Lady Mary, "you will speak in the same tone to that great and good man, Lord Aufchamp, to whom you have never once wrote."

"Most certainly I shall, madam, if Lord Aufchamp speaks in the same tone to me. I will be no man's slave, and no man's property."

perty. That lesson at least, I learned in France. I shall be happy to pay him the respect due to an uncle, and, if you will permit, supremely happy, to pay your ladyship the duty of a son."

"God help me!" said Lady Mary.

In the caresses of Mrs. Birimport, Sir George found some alleviation for the perverseness of Lady Mary. Such was his sister's gentleness and love, he gave her all his confidence. He informed her of Miss Colerain from the first hour he had known her. Of the birth and progress of his affection; of his recent disappointment; of her caprice; so he chose to call it, and its cause.

"The character of this lady," said Mrs. Birimport, "is not indeed, too frequent in this age. But why, Sir George, do you call her conduct at Brussels caprice? When, by your own account of it, it has been the most uniform and steady I ever knew in woman. Oh! would all the young women assume it, all the young men would be good,

active, and intelligent. All she wants is to have Sir George Paradyne one of the first of men. I should be happy in her acquaintance."

"So perhaps should I," replied Sir George; "but she is proud."

"So she appears to me," said Mrs. Birimport; "but proud of what? not of title, wealth, or dress, the three grand fascigators of superficial minds; she is proud of the virtues of the man she loves."

"I wish she were," said Sir George, with a sigh.

C H A P. XXVIII.

THE delineation of Mr. Bardoe's character, gave Mrs. Birimport great pleasure. "But," says she, "his disease, though uncommon, is curable. He is sick only of a superfluity of happiness."

"One would indeed imagine," said Sir George, "many cures might be found for this disorder. A wife, for example. Shall I recommend my sister as a physician?"

"I never seek my patients," Mrs. Birimport answered.

"To

“To engage him to visit a lady,” said Sir George, “would be no easy task; I must try to betray him.”

In this treachery Sir George succeeded; but he had no occasion to repeat it. Though Mr. Bardoe was perfectly sensible that women were—No, Mr. Bardoe, it is not the elegance of your degrading epithets shall make me repeat them. No, sir—women are not—but I will go on with my story. Mr. Bardoe took the trouble to call upon Mrs. Birimport often in a morning; he took the trouble also to talk with her. Insensibly a great degree of intimacy ensued—one might say of friendship. Although a misanthrope, and though I differ with him *toto cœlo* as to woman, yet it must be owned the man had a good understanding. A great many serious, and some droll truths came from him; and certain circumstances convinced Mrs. Birimport that he had an honest and benevolent heart: On his part, he began to perceive sentiments might be carried to extremes.

At

At least, he found there was one woman who might be endured.

Of the consolatory friendship of Mr. Lindsay, Sir George could not now avail himself. That gentleman was still in the North; and indeed now had not any thing in town, except Sir George, which could draw him thither. For Miss Fluellen, who, if my fair readers remember, had put his mind into a certain fluctuation, had decided the matter during his absence, her own way.

Weary of London, in which, now Mr. Lindsay had left it, she had no society which suited her; and struck with the heroic affection of her Welch lover, 'squire Owen ap Jones ap Price, who had undertaken the arduous task of following her to London, after insisting that he should learn a little genteel London behaviour, and in particular, take lessons of a celebrated personage who taught grown gentlemen to dance; she consented to give him her hand; and in two months was set down Mrs. Owen ap Jones ap

ap Price, at her country house, at the foot of Plimlimmon.

Man—though the lord of the creation, for whom the sun and moon were made, and the bright galaxy above, and the sweet pretty galaxies below—is yet—I am sorry to tell it my fair readers—is yet an imperfect being. His proper study is himself; sages and poets say so. This important task he begins early; and finding, by a very small quantity of inquiry, that he has nothing in him the world can reasonably blame, and every thing it ought to admire, he settles pretty firmly in this conclusion, and few things there be that can shake it.

So difficult is it for a man to admit the force of truth against himself, that Sir George Paradyne, whose candour we have often seen, could not submit to yield the palm of perfect conduct to Miss Colerain. Beauty, he must allow her, and understanding, accomplishment, and temper. But this temper was capricious, cruel, inexorable; that understanding liable to be warped, and to make
wrong

wrong judgements; of which himself was an instance. Sir George found it necessary to say this so often,—for indeed he thought little but of Miss Colerain—that he almost arrived at believing it; and its consequence was a sort of proud and sullen state of the mind, which neither brought tranquillity itself, nor permitted him to take proper measures to obtain it. So far indeed he yielded to the tender wishes of his sister, that he was with her often; but it was evident he was not amused. She, and his friend Mr. Bardoe perceived his portion of felicity grow less and less. His spirits flagged; his appetite ceased; his bloom changed; and it was too apparent, he must be soon lost to them and to himself. Many and tender were the remonstrances they made him. His answer was, he felt no indisposition; and that it would be time enough to seek a remedy when there was disease.

Sir George lived, or rather lodged, in Grosvenor-Square; for his meals, such as they were, he usually took at Mrs. Birim-port's.

port's. This lady, made it her constant practice to wait upon her mother once a week at least; a morning call, Lady Mary expected—exactcd no more; for their societies were not the same, and their common inclinations and amusements were extremely different.

Hitherto Lady Mary had had the goodness never to intrude upon Sir George in his library; but having heard one evening, something of Miss Colerain, and of Sir George being ill and in love; the next morning she sought and found him there. Mrs. Birimport was already with Sir George, intending at the usual hour to proceed to her mother's apartments.

“Very well,” Lady Mary began, “I am glad to see you here together. Now tell me—is it proper that I should be the last person to hear what all the town talks of, and what most concerns me to know. They say you are in a waste, Sir George.”

Mrs. Birimport looking tenderly at her brother, burst into tears.

“I hope,

“ I hope, madam,” said Sir George, “ you see in my face nothing to confirm this report, and then it will be less worthy of credit.”

“ I see you so seldom,” Lady Mary replied, “ I hardly know you. You have been long dead to me. I am very unhappy in my children.”—And she sat herself down to weep.

“ If such a thing should happen, Sir George,” said she, raising her head, “—but God forbid—but if it should—what comes of the family estates?”

“ They pass to my sister,” Sir George answered.

“ No provision for me, God help me, but my scrap of a jointure.”

“ If money,” Sir George replied, “ will comfort you for my death, you shall not want comfort.”

“ It will not; you know it will not. How can you mention comfort to me? You know I dote upon you,” said Lady Mary.

“ You

“ You are pleased to say so, madam,” Sir George replied; “ but—”

“ But what?” returned Lady Mary. “ What can you possibly reproach me with? Don’t I take care of your house with proper dignity?”

“ I have nothing to reproach you for, madam, on the head of dignity;” said Sir George.

“ No, certainly,” answered Lady Mary; “ if the daughter and sister of an Earl is not to live with dignity, who is? But it makes my heart bleed to think what a successor I am to give place to. A woman never of the least consequence in life—a merchant’s daughter—a bankrupt merchant—that daughter reduced so low as to work for her bread. And could you, Sir George—could you think of staining the honour of your ancient house—noble on the maternal side—with such a wife? Clandestine too! myself never consulted!”

Here let us close for ever Lady Mary’s elegant vituperation, though she did not. A
full

full half hour she ran with a rapid course over the fertile fields of obloquy. When she made a pause, Sir George answered thus:

“ It is long since that I have perceived to my sorrow, that I have not—that I never had a mother. Nay, hear me, madam, probably for the last time. Since I am not allowed to make my own house a peaceable abode, I will make it no abode; for I see not why I should longer perform the duty of a son, to the mere name of a parent. Fear not, madam, for the honour of your house. The lady on whom you have made such liberal observation, rejects that honour. If she would accept it, I know not of your ladyship’s acquaintance, in a comparison of merit, one who would not sink before her. If she would stoop to raise me to herself, I might still be happy; but she rejects me, because—I am not worthy of her.”

Saying thus, Sir George hastily withdrew.

Neither this speech of Sir George, nor the melancholy tone with which it was spoken, moved Lady Mary, except to redoubled
rage.

rage. This fell upon Mrs. Birimport, whom she accused of being a promoter of her brother's horrid schemes.

Mrs. Birimport drying her eyes, said, "You are cruel, madam—I know no scheme my brother has formed—except of death—and that your treatment must accelerate."

"So," said Lady Mary, "God help me—I shall be accused of murder."

From the succeeding storm, Mrs. Birimport took refuge in her chariot, which she ordered home. There she found Sir George, who was engaged in writing letters. When he had finished, he said, "My dear Emilia, I am come to the resolution of leaving London this day. It is not the place an invalid would chuse for health, when he can no longer taste its pleasures."

"You are perfectly right, brother," Mrs. Birimport answered. "All I request is permission to go with you, go where you will."

"Thanks, dear sister. But it is possible I may not rest; and I cannot consent to expose my sister to the fatigue of travelling."

"Do

“Do you go to seek Miss Colerain?”

“No, indeed. I know not where she is, nor wish to know. She is too proud and too inflexible. And I am proud, too proud to kneel and beg—even for life.”

At this instant Mr. Bardoe was announced; and to him was related the occurrences of the morning; closing with Sir George's intention to leave the town. It was in vain the honourable Mr. Bardoe applied to his snuff-box, to hide a concern which now grew too strong to be hid. He meditated a while, and then opened with this abrupt compliment to Sir George: “Paradyne—you are a fool.”

“I know that,” replied Sir George, with a smile.

“But you are a coward,” said Mr. Bardoe. Sir George looked grave. “It is cowardice,” Mr. Bardoe continued, “to yield without resistance; it is folly to seek the cure of a disease by medicines fit only to promote the disease itself. You seek solitude to cure melancholy. You seek to obtain Miss Colerain

Colerain by indolence, who is to be obtained by virtue."

"I seek not," says Sir George, "to obtain Miss Colerain."

"Cease to think of her then," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"I cannot take that trouble," returned Sir George. "But you and I Bardoe, seem to have exchanged characters. You think now there are objects in this transitory world worth taking the trouble to obtain."

"Yes," Mr. Bardoe answered, "when they have once taken possession of the pineal gland; that sublime seat of the soul of Descartes."

"And," Sir George asked, "may a woman be such an object?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bardoe, "or a crown, or a rattle."

"Here seems a great relaxation of your stoic discipline," said Sir George.

"Not in the least," Mr. Bardoe answered. "My system is nothing more than not to take trouble for things you care not for."

"These

“These things,” said Sir George, “were once all the objects nearly of nature and of art. Now you seem to begin to make a few exceptions. In time women may be one.”

“It is possible,” answered Mr. Bardoe, “a woman may be one.”

CHAP. XXIX.

“SIR GEORGE PARADYNE,

TO MRS. BIRIMPORT.

“*Dennington.*

“OLD CARTWRIGHT, my dear Emilia, will present you this. He comes to discharge the servants under my pay in

Grosvenor-Square—except the old ones, whom I consign to board wages. Lady Mary will rave and complain; but it must be so. I am now growing indifferent to the opinions of others; it is sufficient for me to satisfy myself—if I can. I more and more clearly perceive the truth of Bardoe's system; or rather that which, in my humble opinion, your bright eyes have made him abandon. No—this world has nothing in it worth a wise man's notice. Man—who thinks himself the noblest work of the creation—What is man? Savage—a lion—a tyger—a wolf—a bear civilized—a woman. No—I see nothing interesting in man.

“ My uncle James desires his kindest remembrance to you. He is heart-whole, as the good people say here, but lame. His lungs are certainly sound; I have no cause to doubt it; for he has given me two very strong and hearty lectures upon the errors of my understanding. He tells me, that thanks be to God, he is a plain country gentleman, without any pretensions to philosophy and
fine

fine parts. So he was content to be happy with what had made his father and grandfather happy before him. But if I would put myself under his tuition only for one two years, if he did not make me relish roast beef and a pretty country lass—he'd have nothing for his pains. Dear Emilia—adieu—love me if thou can'st—or who will?

“Your affectionate brother,

G. PARADYNE.”

“MRS. BIRIMPORT,

TO SIR GEORGE PARADYNE.

“In the time of primitive christianity, brother, your malady would have been termed possession. So indeed I think it; but by what sort of dæmon you are possessed, I cannot tell. It may perhaps be a dæmoness, though you deny her power.

“Amongst other epithets given to natural man, you call him a bear. It might have been worse; it might have been a yahoo.

I, for my part, rejoice to live in an age and country, where the animal has improved upon its nature; and attained a decent degree of cleanliness, both of body and mind. It is true, the creature knows not where to stop. What it begins with wisdom, it sometimes ends with folly. But at any rate, frippery is better than filth.

“ What mighty alterations cannot a single year produce? At Paris, where you had the respect of men, and the love of women; did you obtain them by railing at their amusements, at their frivolities? No—you engaged in them—and became engaging.

“ Now you have assumed the unengaging stile of contempt. You despise all our occupations, serious or comic; our horse-racing, cock-fighting, boxing, die-throwing; our hair-dressing, and the whole of our superficial artificial manners. Suppose you justified in this, is it necessary to despise also our belles lettres, and our talents? Are these as superficial as our manners?

“ Be

“ Be it so. The book of nature still lies open before you. Is there in this, nothing you can read with pleasure? Of so many wise and sensible men in every part of Europe, who form their happiness in an attention to her operations, are you the only one to whom she presents nothing interesting? The elements are all before you; compound and decompound them for yourself. You must be a bad chemist if you can extract no felicity from penetrating into the curiosities which surround you.

“ It would indeed be better, if you took up the character which your place in the community seems to have assigned you. In labouring for the happiness of man, you would certainly find your own. That is the daily prayer of your affectionate sister,

“ E. BIRIMPORT.”

“ SIR GEORGE PARADYNE, to MRS. BIRIMPORT.

“ It is a heavy accusation, my Emilia, you bring against your poor brother—that of

despising every thing. In every instant of time, all the things that are—are, in my poor judgement, as they must needs be—moral, political, and natural. Contempt, therefore, cannot be the proper word to express the feelings of a man who thinks thus. He may be sorry that the tulip in his garden is so poor in colour, its proper beauty; but as a philosopher, he cannot despise it.

“ I own then, Emilia, I am sorry that many things are as they are. I am sorry that virtue is not an inseparable appendage of beauty; honour of nobility; and wisdom of crowns. I am sorry to see ignorance assume the name of science, and superstition that of goodness. In short, when I consider what man might be, I am sorry to see him what he is.

“ In what capacity, my dear, would you have me serve man. I know your answer—as a member of the house of commons; or as an officer of state. No, Emilia, never will I be member of a body, pretending to the suffrages of a nation, and constituted by so diminutive a part of it—who give to a
minister

minister all he asks—who trust him confidentially where he ought least to be trusted—in the business of destroying mankind. And for a court! I am too proud, Emilia. Till courts speak the language of common honesty, I will keep my independence—ill exchanged for ribbons and for stars. I can no more accommodate my principles to a throne, than I can my creed to the lawn. Both will have the goodness to excuse me, till I see them pursue honest designs by honest means.

“ Yes, Emilia, the book of nature is before me, and the first page of it is man—the only animated being to whom has been given the exquisite privilege of being most heartily sick and weary of himself.

“ Come now, my fair sister, prepare your eulogiums. Bring history, heroes, saints, to your aid; and shew me for what other end, but the diversion of some superior beings, so ridiculous an animal could be made?

“ Look at him in the aggregate. If the sun shine warm upon him, his attributes are luxury, ease, indolence, and imbecility. If

not—they are ferocity, stupidity, and boast. Where is he not the timorous and crouching slave of superstition? Where is he not involved in folly, fantasy, and prejudice? Attend to his numerous errors, his changeable creeds, his silly rites, which common sense should blush to offer to any deity, not made of wood; his fanaticism, born of ignorance, and nursed by absurdity; and you must allow the human mind to have been always the true and prolific hot-bed of folly. If man could have taken to himself the epithet of wise, on any just foundation—sure in six thousand years, and sixty thousand communities—some one would have formed a religion without ridicule; a government without corruption.

“ I spare the ladies. Only tell me, my sweet Emilia, in your circles of good company, how high in the mind of the fair sex stand science, probity, and honour? As high, think you, as coaches, cards, and diamonds? I grant you they have virtues, luminous
virtues,

virtues, at a ball; and coruscations at an opera, that set the heart of man on fire.

“ But—says my Emilia—whatsoever may be the general errors of each of the sexes, there is a vast profusion of individual excellence, of friendship unalloyed, of charity unbounded, disinterested love, and piety of angelic proof.

“ Gentle shepherdes—tell me where?

“ Love me Emilia, notwithstanding, as I do thee most dearly.

“ G. PARADYNE.”

It is not for the benefit of this history that I have noticed these letters; it is only to shew my fair readers what abominable creatures men may be when they are in love, or in any passion, and crossed in it. For howsoever Sir George may endeavour to conceal it from himself, my humble opinion is, he was in love; and as love is so apt to overset poor reason, we must on that account pardon him his terrible opinions—if we can.

C H A P. XXX.

IT was at Dover this last letter was wrote; for Sir George had rambled, not for any pleasure he found in rambling, but, when a man is not easy in any place, he is usually disposed to change it. When he had sent it to the post he found himself weary, as every man must be, I hope, who has undergone so strong a fit of misanthropy, and went to his apartment to throw himself upon the bed.

Whether a prone posture begets kinder thoughts, or whether the brain has not sometimes a sort of vermicular motion, first one
way

way and then the other; or whether the picture of a Madona, which hung within his view, and in which he thought he saw certain resemblances—whether all or any of these were the cause of a change in the nature of his ideas, I know not. I only find it recorded that Sir George unthought his former thinkings; and paid a flumbering tribute to the dignity of man, and the charms of woman. Whether my fair readers will admire or reprobate this versatility of sentiment, is not for me to predict. My business is to shew them—Man.

If Lady Ann Brixworth was born to be the joy and comfort of any man's life, it was not that of Sir George Paradyne's. He rose from his hour's repose, and having dined, took a walk to the pier. He had done so two or three times before—I know not why—unless one takes a pleasure of sympathy with those who have escaped the dangers of the sea, or who return to their native country, after the exile perhaps of years. Sir George had heard indeed, that Miss Colerain de-

signed to pass the winter in Paris, and the summer in England; but besides that it was now nothing—nothing at all to him, where she chose to live, or what she chose to do. The spring was early and cold, and the usual season for migration of ladies at a distance. Still less could it be supposed that Lady Ann Brixworth was in his imagination, when he stood and over-looked the disembarkations of the female cargoes of the packets. Lady Ann! of whom he never thought, when his thoughts were under his own governance; so very little of pleasure was attached to her remembrance.—But the very first lady who was put on shore to day was Lady Ann—so cloaked indeed, and muffled, that he did not know her, till she accosted him by the name of Sir George Paradyne.

Surprise is an enemy to the graces. Sir George seemed scarcely to understand the common forms of politeness; and indeed acquitted himself so little to Lady Ann's satisfaction, that in a half whisper she said, "She was
sorry

sorry to find she was so perfectly odious to him."

In such a case a man must speak. If politeness and veracity happen to agree, it is well. If not, the latter must have the goodness to wait. Something like this happened now; for Sir George began to manifest his surprise that Lady Ann should take so absurd a fancy into her head. "Then," says she, "do me the favour to convince me by conducting me to the hotel; for as I have no gentleman in my suite, I am rather awkwardly situated."

"Certainly," Sir George answered. So offering his arm, which Lady Ann accepted, they led the way to the hotel, followed by Mrs. Harcourt, and other male and female passengers. Sir George could not refuse Lady Ann's invitation to tea; and Mrs. Harcourt retiring to adjust her dress, they had a tete-a-tete together, and talked of past things, no doubt, as friends meeting after absence usually do.

I never was deep in Lady Ann's secrets. What I find particular on this occasion, is a remark that fell from this lady, that she was apprehensive her reputation might suffer by the public notice Sir George took of her in Brussels. That neither her birth nor fortune were unworthy of him; and that he ought, as a man of honour, to prevent the world's malignity."

Sir George replied with great coolness, "That it was not worth while to endeavour to prevent that which no human means could prevent. Calumny, though raised on nothing, was too swift to be overtaken, too volatile to be impeded."

This subject lasted half an hour at least, and not seeming to draw near a conclusion, Sir George thought himself obliged to say,— "That he had never, at any time spoke to her the language of a man who wished or intended to marry; consequently she had no claim of that nature upon him."

It appears that Lady Ann resented the word claim, and began to retort upon the
Baronet

Baronet with all possible asperity. She supposed it was for the sake of that piece of still life, Miss Colerain, that she was despised. A creature without fortune, friends, birth, or connexion, or any thing but—her talents. If Sir George should meet with a few more Colliano's, those might be useful ones. But let him take care. He was not yet sure of his inestimable prize. Did he never hear of a Monsieur Larogne? Let him not be too secure. He might still sit down and pine for his bird."

Sir George, with a patience almost subdued, had risen to walk about.—The room looked into the court yard where stood a chaise, and Sir George had a glimpse of a lady who had just stepped in, and saw another follow her—which drew from him an involuntary exclamation—By heaven! Miss Carlill! and immediately hastened to the door. But before he could reach the court yard, the chaise had driven off. Lady Ann, who saw this, and rejoiced in Sir George's disappointment, was almost restored to good humour by the accident.

cident. “Oh,” said she, on Sir George’s return, “I could have informed you of the prim quaker and her fair friend, if I had known your wants. They were passengers by request in my packet, and followed us from the vessel to the hotel. I knew they were to take chaise for London immediately; and I was afraid you would have impeded their journey—poor things!”

Sir George Paradyne, irritated beyond measure, at this new and malevolent turn, said, “I have nothing more to say to Lady Ann Brixworth, but to bid her adieu for ever—.”

“Adieu for ever,”—answered Lady Ann, with an almost hysterical laugh. “And remember Monsieur Larogne.”

Sir George’s inquiries for what place the ladies had taken the chaise were unsuccessful; the order having been given to the driver only. However, Lady Ann said they were to go to London, so he instantly ordered another chaise, and set out for Canterbury. This ride afforded some leisure for thinking,
and

and the first subject was the many malicious tricks which fortune had played him; the whimsical occurrence of circumstances which had so often brought Miss Colerain to be a spectator of his deviations from propriety, or of the appearance of such deviations. It was very easy to blame Miss Colerain for not taking the trouble to distinguish appearances from realities; and he dwelt on this idea with some complacency, till he was obliged to confess, that even the false appearances were consequences of some folly, or worse than folly, though remote.

This extorted confession vexed him; but, when he arrived at Canterbury, and found that the chaise he had been in quest of had not taken that road, he was rather worse than vexed—and in order that nobody might know it but himself, he retired early to bed.

What passed in sleep, or during the darkness of the night, I cannot tell; but in the morning Sir George seemed to have been seized with a very peculiar hypochondriacism. He cared no more for man or for woman,
the

the world and all its vanities. He cared no more for Miss Colerain. And in order to exclude her from his remembrance, he determined to shut himself up in some obscure retreat, and forget that world whose follies he could no longer endure. Nor was he at a loss for the choice of a place, when Combor White House presented itself to his imagination. So dismissing his servant to Dennington with a message to his steward, and orders to wait his return there, he sat out for Hampshire, and arrived at the destined spot in a proper state of misanthropy, for the purpose of a recluse.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXI.

MR. FIDEL's office was two-fold, bailiff and gardener. In the first capacity he made some money, by making a lay of the pasture ground. In the second, always hoping to see there again his beloved mistress, he had kept the garden a fit paradise for Eve, before she eat the fatal apple. But there are no paradises for untranquil minds.

A month had passed, and Mrs. Birimport had no news of her brother. He was not at Dennington; he was not at Bath, nor any of the public places. He was not with Mr. Lindsay,

Lindsay, for she had wrote to this gentleman. Mr. Carter, Sir George's gentleman, also increased the alarm. Mrs. Birimport had determined herself to go upon the search, even in France, when she received the following letter from Mr. Lindsay :

“ MADAM,

It was not for friendship to be at peace, after the receipt of your last alarming letter. As I knew Miss Colerain was near Bourdeaux, and did not know but Sir George might have obtained the same intelligence, I determined for France.

Southampton lay in my way, and I called in upon Mr. Merrick. After the first salutations, “ Pray,” says he, “ how does Sir George Paradyne do to-day? Poor gentleman! I was quite sorry to see him in such a way; a fine healthy young man as he was too years since.”

“ You have seen him lately, then,” said I? “ Was he at Southampton?”

“ No, sir, he sent for me to Combor.”

“ To

“ To the Falcon?”

“ To his own house, Mr. Lindsay; that house that nobody would have. Are you not come from thence?”

“ I am not, Mr. Merrick. I am seeking Sir George, and thank you for your intelligence. May I inquire what was the nature of the business for which he wanted you?”

“ To make his will. We don't talk of these things. But you are executor, along with Mrs. Birimport, and the honourable Mr. Bardoe.”

I took my leave of Mr. Merrick, and posted to Combor. From Fidel, the black servant, I learned that Sir George came alone, and that he had never once been beyond the garden since his arrival. I was too impatient to stay to be announced, so rushed into the parlour where he sat.

“ Dear Sir George!”

“ Dear Lindsay!” he returned. “ And yet I am sorry to see you.”

“ You are cruel, Sir George; cruel to all your friends.”

“ I meant

“ I meant to be kind.”

“ Is it kindness to alarm all who love you? Why, Sir George, was your retreat here to be a secret?”

“ Because I came to die.” I started. “ Why,” continued he, “ are you surprised? Has your mode of existence never been so disagreeable to you as to make you wish to change it?”

“ Sure causes like mine must have been unknown to you?”

“ If they are sufficient to produce the effect, no matter for their similarity.”

“ True. Pray who attends you?”

“ Fidel, and the old woman.”

“ But of the faculty?”

“ None. There is no necessity to die *secundum artem*.”

“ There is no necessity to die at all.” Sir George smiled, and said, “ We shall see.”

“ But why do you wish it?”

“ Because I want to change myself. The instability of my own desires, opinions, and actions, displease me. My mind has under-
gone

gone many metamorphoses. I desire one only for my whole self."

"Can this be real?"

"Can you ask the question? You, who were almost ordained to inspire us with the love of heaven? Yet—now you find one really desirous of going there, you suspect hypocrisy."

"Of all places, why did you chuse this to die?"

"Because it is quiet. Here—to die is all I have to do. Amongst my friends, I should have had to grieve."

Opposite Sir George hung the picture of Miss Colerain, by Gainsborough. The room was decorated with a variety of pretty works done by herself, and on a marble slab stood those toys you have heard of, bought by Sir George at Birmingham. I cast my eyes around and said, "Here is the strangest collection of memento moris I ever saw."

"Mere accident. They were here, and I did not chuse to change them for the cross bones and scull."

"I dare

“ I dare say you did not. Would it be rash to infer that you might be reconciled again to earth, if Miss Colerain would share its sorrows with you?”

“ Yes—for I cannot depend upon myself to reach that perfection she requires. I find, by fatal experience, my resolutions are feeble; I find myself endued with the most virtuous principles—in conversation. In action, they are useless. A man incapable of governing himself, is the most contemptible of beings, and I am he. No—I repeat it—I expect nothing; wish for nothing; will accept of nothing—from Miss Colerain.”

“ Do you not love her then?”

“ Once I did. But as I am confident she cannot return it, I no longer think of her. In her eyes I must be the meanest of men.”

“ Has any thing new happened?”

“ I was at Dover a few days. Not knowing what better to do, I amused myself with seeing the passengers land from the packets. Lady Ann Brixworth was in one. She saw me, seized me, and made me conduct her to
the

the hotel. Whilst we were together there, I saw Miss Carlill, after another lady, get into a chaise. I flew to her, but she was gone. Lady Ann told me, Miss Carlill and her friend had requested a passage in her packet; and that they had followed us from the packet to the hotel. I became distracted—flew after them to Canterbury—but they had not taken that road. What must Miss Colerain think but that I came to Dover to attend Lady Ann? I could not bear the recollection; nor—by heaven—another recollection of my feelings. I am confident, that tho' I despise Lady Ann, it might have been in her power to have drawn me again into the common follies of foolish young men. In the morning I was feeble. I felt I must die. I wished it—for I despised myself; and I wished it here, that I might give the least possible grief to my friends."

From this, and subsequent conversations, it is become very apparent, that the governing, though secret power of Sir George's mind, is still love; and that it is Miss Colerain

alone who can cure him of self contempt. I wish extremely your presence here. The house can accommodate you well; and I can be accommodated at the Falcon.

I am, madam,
Your most obedient servant,
“ W. LINDSAY.”

C H A P. XXXII.

MRS. BIRIMPORT did not delay her journey to Combor; and about twenty-four hours after, the honourable Mr. Bardoe arrived at the Falcon. My fair readers have seen, that once, the social affections were all
3 alive

alive in Sir George Paradyne. Now alas! they were dead. Neither his sister nor his friends had cordial welcomes—for they interrupted him in the enjoyment of “sweet melancholy,” of which poets and poetesses are so fond. I wish they and the nightingales would get a monopoly of it. My share I give up with all possible good will.

Mr. Lindsay talked to Sir George of Cato and Brutus, and of the admirable force of mind which could say to love, “So far shalt thou go and no farther.” But Sir George could not be brought to enter into their lofty ideas; and for love—except seraphic love—he detested the name.

Mr. Bardoe spoke of possession and exorcism; wondered how the devil could get into a man; and was desirous to inquire by what rites he could be driven out.

Mrs. Birimport talked of Miss Colerain; but talked of her as of a woman. To have been in harmony with Sir George’s train of ideas, she should have talked of her as a spirit of light, presiding over a choir of

angels, tuning their golden harps. In short, all the powers of reason, of soft persuasion, and of satire, were tried, and tried in vain.

One day, Mrs. Birimport missed the picture of Miss Colerain; and that day Sir George left his apartment some hours later than usual. So he continued to do; and Mr. Lindsay perceiving they were not taking the proper means to produce the end proposed, wished to spare himself the melancholy sight of the human mind in ruins, and took his leave.

In times to come—for who knows what may or may not be the extraordinary productions of time—it may happen to be debated at some of the coteries formed by my twenty thousand fair readers, their heirs or assigns, whether this true history be a true history or not. It must be decided in the affirmative, by those who consider the internal evidence arising from the present state of things. For what author, not disordered in intellect, and at liberty to choose his ways and means, would, in the reign of George the third,

third, feign a young English gentleman of birth and affluence, in love—that is to say—in love with one; and that to so strange a degree as to impair health; nay—to become enamoured of death. Where is the prototype for this? Who dies? Who would die, in preference to so many more agreeable modes of cure? Are taverns shut? The dice, though taxed, is not interdicted. New-market plains are still fertile. Ward and Mendoza still box. Rogues are still hanged. In London, according to Mr. Wendeborn, there are forty thousand nuns, of the order of charity; whose proper business it is to cure—the sick of love; and never did order better fulfil the purposes of its institution. Die! No historian, but the historian of truth, would have thought of it.

C H A P XXXIII.

A MONTH had now passed, without any visible deterioration of Sir George's health. When he spoke, it was with his usual gentleness; but he seldom spoke, and melancholy gained upon him, till she seemed to have "marked him for her own."

Instead however of keeping his apartment, his inclination had taken another turn. Adjoining the garden was an irregular piece of ground, of which Miss Colerain had made partly a shrubbery for exotics, partly a Flora Britannica. A long meandering walk, formed

formed by the shrubs, led to a small neat building, shell-work without, within an elegant apartment. There was a small book-case in it, containing books of botany, mingled with the poets of nature led by Thomson. The botanic garden, so rich in poetic beauty, seemed by its use to have been the favourite of Miss Colerain; and there were in it some tales so melancholy sweet, so attuned to Sir George's present feelings, that it could not fail to become his also. In this elegant repository, Sir George had also found a large collection of drawings, the flowers and plants of the garden, coloured according to nature, in which amusement Miss Colerain delighted much; a few of these were hung up in a sort of filigree frame.

Had Sir George's mind been in full vigour, all this would have made him a botanist; as it was, it only disposed him to the feminine work of framing the drawings, according to the patterns Miss Colerain had left; of choosng for each some tender quotations of four or six lines each; and of arranging them

round Miss Colerain's picture, which he had previously caused to be conveyed from his own apartment.

In all this, Fidel was Sir George's agent; and procured for him every thing his humorous imagination required. It was clear to Fidel that his mistress was the cause of this kind of derangement; and whilst he grieved for the effect, he could not help feeling a secret joy at the cause. It was only to Fidel Sir George trusted the key of his repository, for the purpose of cleaning it, now became a source of not unpleasing, though melancholy enjoyment.

But this could scarcely be supposed enjoyment to Mrs. Birimport, who, wearied with wasting her gentle admonitions on the air, and having some necessary business in town, took, for a fortnight, a reluctant leave of her brother. Sir George, though he did not relish conversation, was not insensible to his sister's departure; and scarce found the uninterrupted enjoyment of his solitary pleasure, a recompence for her loss.

The

The sole inhabitants of the house now, were Sir George, his old woman, and Mr. Benjamin Fidel, whose diligence and attention had often attracted his master's notice; and whose woeful countenance witnessed his attachment. When Sir George was disposed to speak, he asked him questions, and wondered at the good sense of his answers. The slave trade was at this time become a popular topic. Finding he was born in Africa, Sir George asked him of his captivity, and by what means it had been produced. He answered—that he was a native of Benin, and that his country name was Benihango. When he was twelve years old he accompanied his father down to the coast. An English vessel was there, and his father having purchased all his gold dust away, found himself still wanting. It was not that he did not love his Benihango, but he had six children at home, and never a Birmingham musket. So for this grand acquisition, and a small quantity of powder and shot, his father delivered him to the care of a Liverpool

master, who had a very good voyage to Jamaica, the heat and stench killing only twenty-seven, out of two hundred and three.

“How long were you in Jamaica?” Sir George asked.

“Thirteen years,” answered Fidel.

“Were you much oppressed?”

Fidel with great simplicity answered, “I was in love.”

“In love!” said Sir George.—What has that to do with oppression?”

“It oppresses you, Sir George, do it not?”

“Me!” said Sir George.

“You will please me pardon, sir. I no ought to speak to you in dis way,” said Fidel.

“Speak freely,” said Sir George.

“Ven I vas Miss Colerain’s servant, I did tink you love her. I did tink she love you. I did cry for joy. For she vas good. You was good. I not know what broke it. Dey did tell me the dignity on your part. I no tink so, cause you was not proud. But I did cry for sorrow—for that which made me

me miserable, would have made you so happy."

"How came it to make you miserable?" asked Sir George.

"De story do you no good, sir. It be long; it be melancholy."

"It will not displease me for that," said Sir George; "pray tell it me."

S T O R Y.

"I became the property of a Mr. Benfield, and was sent to work at a plantation with boys and girls about my own age. We were so good we did not want de whip; so we had it only once a week, I could not ver tell why; but masser was a good man and did not insist upon these whippings being bloody. Masser was a Creole to be sure, and I do tink the groans and shrieks of we de poor negroes under de whip, be the finest music in de world to dem; but masser was kind hearted; I do ver believe he would not have take the pleasure in de whip, if he did know a better

vay to send a profitable cargo of the sugar into dis England.

“ However, by the time I vas come to eighteen years of old, I did know de full power of de whip, and of de burning son upon a raw back, when a chance accident did change my situation. Maffer had son two years younger dan me. He vas one day in the pleasure boat wid two oder companions. Dere vas little hurricane. De boat overfet. De negroe dat did help me row, swam out and run to de plantation to get de help. I did keep young maffer chin above water till de help came, and de oder two vas drowned.

“ Dis did me de consequence. I was taken to be young maffer’s own servant; who did say many times the first year, dat he did owe his life to me; dat he never could make me de sufficient satisfaction, and if ever I did come to be his property, I should see.

“ I did attend him four years at Kingston school, and did learn read and write. Young maffer had great many new books from England,

England, and I did read all I could understand, for I had ver little else to do, and I learned great deal of English manner, especially of de delicate points of de love and de honour.

“ When young masser left school, he did apply to business and the plantations. I did love him much, and it did grieve me to see dat he did love cruelty for cruelty’s sake; and de poor negro was used worse and worse. So I did ask him why? He said, to make de dogs work. And I said, if you did use dem well as dogs dey would be great deal better of. He did look angry at me, and said, dogs were a superior species of animal to negroes, and had better understandings. Den I did look angry at him, and I did say, if God did give de white men more understanding, it was de thousand pities dey could not see how to make de better use of it. Den he did strike me down—den I was getting up to kill him—but he did run off to the plantation house, I did know for what; to get de negro drivers to teach me better manners. I knew
I could

I could only be flead alive at any place, so I ran off five miles, to de house where did live old masser; and I did tell him all. By and by did come young masser, and there was consultation, what to be done with such sad dog of negro.

“ Many gentlemen dined at old masser’s that day, and amongst the rest, my poor late masser Colerain; dis his first voyage. I was called in to take de trial. Young masser spoke warm; and did make great stir about my running after him to kill him, as he did verily believe; but he did no say much about de provocation.

“ Den I vas bid speak; but I was sulky. I did only say, I vas tired of de life. Dis vas not a world for de poor negro; who vas knocked down for a word by the man whose life he saved, and who saw all his broders in worse state dan dogs.

“ Den I was ordered retire; and I did hear one gentleman say, dat such monstrous behaviour ought to have punishment little short of death. But I vas determined, if it
vas

was possible, dat I would have de death first, and de punishment after.

“ Dere was in the house very pretty black negro girl, dat I did love dearly. She was waiting at de table; and I stayed to take de sorrowful leave of her for ever and ever, before I did make myself die. She had been in de house nine years, waiting upon Misses Benfield, who did use her kindly, and had her taught English; and when she could read, I did lend her many books dat my younger master did lend me. She did come presently out of de parlour and tell me, that every body did speak against me, and that master Colerain did made dem all shamed of it—for he did say it was de blot upon all christian people—and dat he did hope to live to hear de question discussed by a British parliament—and as 'the only ground dat could be taken for its defence was the paltry interest of trade, he was certain dat never would be attended to, against all de pleas of religion and humanity.

“ I did

“ I did hear noting that night of my destiny. Maffer Colerain did stay till de next morning, when I was sent for into de parlour to dem; and dere I did find that Maffer Colerain had bought me, out of pure pity; because he saw young maffer was bitter against me, and that he would always persecute me. I should have followed my new maffer wid a grateful heart, only for my poor dear Flowney—so dey called my negrefs dat I did love.

“ However I did go wid him same day to ship in Kingston harbour. He was de owner of it. He was walking along de deck wid two oder gentlemen and vas de outermost. It did happen for de capitan rope to break, and one of de sailors was thrown with violence against one of de gentlemen, who pushed de next him, who pushed my new maffer into de bason. Dere was little swell, and nobody did venture to do any ting but fling a rope, and poor maffer sunk many times, and never rose near it. Den I did jump in, and I did hold him bove water,

water, as I did young Maffer Benfield, till the boat came and took us bode in.

“ It was soon to be seen dat de gratitude of Maffer Colerain was quite another kind dan Maffer Benfield. He did treat me so kindly, and when he did see me in sadness about poor Flowney, he did ask me de cause so kindly, I did tell him every thing. He did say he would try to buy Flowney, and she shoud go wid us into England. I did cry for joy; but I no cry longer; for maffer told me Mistress Benfield would not part wid Flowney for any money. Den I did cry for sorrow.

“ One day soon, maffer said so kindly, you saved my life Benihango; I must make yours comfortable if I can. Tell me if you rader chuse to remain in Jamaica or go wid me to England. I did say, eider would kill me. If I did leave Jamaica I should die for Flowney; if I did stay, I should die for him.

“ He did use to ask me many questions about de treatment of poor black men; and de tears did often run down his cheeks when
I did

I did tell him. Oh! how I did love him for dat. He did ask me if good usage would make de black people work well as bad. I did say yes—better a toufand times—for I felt so in my own heart. Den he said—would I engage for dis, if I had de management of one little plantation? I said—if it was his plantation I would engage, for dat love would quicken my duty. He said, it was probable I might be of singular use to de black people, if I could shew the planters dat it was deir interest to use deir negroes kindly. Dat he had partly prevailed upon his friend old Benfield to make de experiment, but dat he did not know how to go about it. So he proposed to lend him me for three years to superintend his smallest plantation, on dese conditions; dat I should be onder his own controul only, and his son's. Dat Flowney should be de reward of my service, togeder wid such further recompence as Masser Benfield should tink I deserved.

“ Dese conditions were accepted on both sides, and no sooner had my masser departed
for

for England den I did enter upon my new occupation. Tank God! I did succeed better as my hopes. Dere was ver little sickness. My plantation was de forwardest; and I did spare four slaves for de oder. De next year and de next it was extended; Masser Benfield did give me great tanks, and great promises. Dis tird year Masser Colerain was to come; and I was to receive my Flowney, and be baptised, and go to England and be so happy.

“ But black man not born to be happy. Old Masser Benfield fell from his chair and died, Missrefs Benfield did die a little before. Every body sorrow, cause every body was fraid of young Masser; for he had grown worse and worse. De slaves did hate and tremble. It was great comfort I was not his slave; but I did soon feel his malice.

“ He did cast de eye of love—as he did call it—upon my poor Flowney; and as I have read of the Turkish bashaw, he did throw the handkerchief to her; for de poor black women tink it honour to be taken
notice

notice of by white man; especially masters. But Flowney read a great mush of her mistress books; and was christian; and tought it was great sin; and besides all dis, loved me dearly. So she refused to gratify Maffer Benfield. So his dignity was insulted. So he did resolve to revenge it, and also take revenge upon me; for he did hate me vast much.

“ His vallet de chamber, Stukely, was bad man, and dey say, had deserved de gallows in England. He was minister of his master's pleasures, and de corrupter of his manners. So one morning Maffer Benfield ordered Stukely to get Flowney into his chamber; and dere he did ravish her. Yes, Sir George, he did ravish her, repeated Fidel, stalking along the room. And den—de good God have mercy upon his wicked soul—den—he gave her up to the lust of Stukely—and Stukely ravish her. Poor Flowney! She did make de lamentation over de house—and den—dis white christian man, de good God forgive him, ordered her to be publicly whipt

whipt—and Stukely did whip her till de blood did follow every stroke of de whip.”

Sir George at this part of the recital rose from his seat, and paced the room as Fidel had done before, who now was too much overcome to proceed, and had ran off to his chamber to indulge himself in private. That night, Sir George would not let him proceed in his tale.

C H A P. XXXIV.

THE next morning at his accustomed hour, Sir George went to the pavilion. There, on a table, in a pretty female hand, like

like Miss Colerain's, but not so like as to be able to pronounce it her's, lay, a paper, on which was wrote:

“ Man, like the sun, may give a shining presage of his dawn—may pass his morn of life bright in action, warm in benevolence—may suffer clouds to intervene, and shade his brilliance—may set in feebleness and mist—may disappoint and grieve the world.”

It is not very easy to describe any of the feelings of man; to convey an adequate idea of that complicated tribe that now assailed Sir George—impossible. It was joy and sorrow, it was pleasure and pain, arising from a thousand recollections. At length—it was delusion—it was fallacy—it was Mrs. Birim-port. Whatever it was, Fidel must be privy to it:

But Fidel being questioned, answered, “ No. He did rejoice if it was Miss Colerain—but he did doubt.”

“ It is only to yourself,” said Sir George, “ I have ever intrusted the key.”

“ And

“And I,” says Fidel, “did never part with it, but to you, and once for half an hour to Mrs. Birimport.”

“And why to Mrs. Birimport?”

“I had not,”—answered Fidel,—“your direct orders to refuse her; and how could I refuse her?”

“But Mrs. Birimport is in London. And why should she be at the pains of deception? And if she had procured a key, would she trust it in any hands but her own? The writing indeed might be her’s, or it might be Bardoe’s, or Lindsay’s. But how came it there? And what was its design? Every body, says he, supposes me able to dispense health and the power of action upon myself; and that I am the arbiter of my own life or death. They call my disorder love, or lethargy; but I must take the liberty to tell these *foi-disant* philosophers, it will be difficult to find a stimulus to rouse me.”

So thought Sir George, without perceiving that the stimulus was found; so far at least as to keep him in great mental agitation. It

was

was not till the second evening, he became sufficiently composed to wish to hear the end of Fidel's

S T O R Y.

“Dis shameful ting,” resumed Fidel, “was done upon a day when de governor gave public dinner; to which Maffer Benfield did go. De moment he was gone, poor Flowney ran to the cottage of old negro woman, her friend, her confidant; where I had often met her of a Sunday evening, to spend in de endearments of love, de two hours dat Maffer Benfield did den allow her. To dis old woman she told every ting; and she concluded wid—“Tell Benihango all. It kill him to know, but it kill me first.” So indeed she had resolved, for she went instantly and threw herself in a pond at de bottom of de garden.

“My plantation was five miles of, but de news soon came. I ran; and de first object I noticed was my dear Flowney on de bank of the pond, wid de old negrefs crying over her. She told me all. I did run mad.

Maffer

Maffer Benfield was gone. Stukely was in de garden, nailing wall trees, widin sight of de pond, widin sight of de body, quiet as an honest man. I did go to de house. De slaves and de servants all melancholy. Dey did shake deir heads, and dey did cry poor Benihango. Dere was a room dey did call de gun-room. I went dere and brought two pair of pistols. I did load dem. Den I go to de garden, and say to Stukely—you are de rescal, de villain, de murderer. See dere. I kill you; but I kill you wid honour. Take two pistols—choose. Stukely did tremble, and did say—it was my master. I did answer—villain, I know all: take, or me shoot you. Den he did take two pistols. I said—turn about—count ten steps backward. I do de same; den turn, and fire. I did turn to count my steps. Stukely did not turn. He fired his pistol. De bullet went through my left arm. I did turn and shoot him dead.

“ Den I did go to my poor Flowney; I did lie down by her; I did lay de loaded

pistol by my side; for I did mean to live only an hour, dat I might indulge myself wid last looks, and last kisses. And I did say to her, whilst my warm lips did press her cold lips—my Flowney; if dere is heaven, it is for poor negro, and for me, and for dee; dere is no Benfields dere; no Stukelys. De whip is deirs in dis world; it is ours in de next.

“ Whilst I was lying by de side of my dear Flowney, dere was consultation in de house; for two white men of de servants did see all dat passed betwixt Stukely and me; and dey said, our master will kill Benihango with tortures. To save him, we must put him into de hands of justice. So dey agreed, and came silently and took me by de arms, and dey did cry, and did tell me deir intention. And I did point to de pistol, and I did say—if you be my friends, let me die here. Den dey told me—if I did kill myself, I should never go to heaven to Flowney. I did not tink so; but I was not in condition to
reason;

reason; so dey took me to a justice of de peace, who did send me to prison.

“ De first ting Masser Benfield did do when he came home, was to fall into de great rage, and kick every body, and discharge de two white servants for deir officiousness. He was fool dere. Dey were so much de more my friends. Dey spread de news; dey told de trute; for they were white men, and durst speak trute. So my story flew. Every body did pity me; did detest Benfield. Before my trial did come on, my good master Mr. Colerain arrived, and did come to comfort me in de prison. Dis was ver well; for Masser Benfield did offer mush money to de two white men to leave Jamaica and sail for France; and Massa Colerain did give dem mush to keep dem honest. So when my trial did come, I was acquitted; and de evidence of de rape of my poor Flowney was strong enough to enduce many gentlemen at Kingston to enter into de subscription for de prosecution of Massa Benfield. But I did leave wid my Massa Colerain, before any ting

did come of dat, and I did no hear more about it."

So ended the tale of Benihango; on which Sir George made a very extraordinary comment. When first the thought of dying struck his imagination, he had caused his will to be made and authenticated. This he carried with him; and this night before he slept, he added a codicil, bequeathing Fidel fifty pounds a year for life.

C H A P. XXXV.

BUT Sir George's mind, however occupied by the past afflictions of Mr. Fidel, was still more so, by the note, courtesy itself

would scarce call it a billet-doux, found on his table. When he had wearied himself with conjectures who might be its author, he wearied himself still worse by considering its contents. It required a greater degree of self complaisance than Sir George at present possessed, to justify his mode of life. Nothing could be more true, than that his sun was clouded. If it set, it would not set in glory.

Agitated with this unpleasing conclusion, he rose earlier than usual on the morning of the first of May; and with a mind tuned to melancholy, took the walk leading to his loved pavilion. The door was not closed. He supposed Fidel there. Entering, he saw, not Fidel, but two ladies, one of whom was dissolved in tears; the other hanging over her with all the marks of love and pity.

Sir George approached the sitting fair one; and exclaimed — “ Good heavens! Miss Colerain!” She rose, looked up at his pale face, where the rose of health no longer bloomed, and the tears flowed still more copiously from her lovely eyes. A slight

tinge too flushed her charming cheek. She curtsied, and said, "I am sorry, Sir George, I am very sorry to see you in so indifferent a state of health."

"Health," Sir George answered, looking tenderly on her, "health, Miss Colerain, depends upon happiness. Am I to believe you wish me that?"

"Why, Sir George, should you doubt it?"

"Did you, Miss Colerain, honour me with these observations?" shewing the note he had found. Miss Colerain did not answer.

"Yes, brother," replied the other lady, whom Sir George had not yet noticed, "it was Miss Colerain."

"My dear sister," said Sir George, "whence do you come?"

"Of that, another time," said Mrs. Birimport.

"And have you been well?" asked Sir George, tenderly.

"Health, brother," Mrs. Birimport answered smiling, "depends upon happiness."

"For

“For that, my Emily,” Sir George replied, “I have myself been a mendicant in vain; and she who denied it me, seems now to wish to deprive me of every substitute.”

“I grieve,” said Miss Colerain, “to see this feminine amusement, called a substitute for happiness, by Sir George Paradyne.”

“I grieve every body,” said Sir George; “I have grieved my sister, and my friends, and now I grieve you. It was to save them sorrow I came here. They came here also; and now you are come, Miss Colerain. I cannot live or die, to please any body.”

“You are angry then that I am here,” said Miss Colerain.

“Angry!” Sir George replied; “anger is a strange sensation to feel for Miss Colerain.”

“And did you never feel it?” asked she.

“I don’t know,” Sir George replied; “perhaps I might, when your severe delicacy exposed me to my own fatal guidance, and all the errors of youth. When you expected me to have wisdom, which comes so slow,

without giving me time to acquire it. When you who had it, would not deign to impart it. When you mistook folly for attachment; and made me miserable for having failed in etiquette; though my heart bled at the restraint."

"You have enumerated my mistakes, Sir George," said Miss Colerain. "Was all the error on my side?"

"Yes, all—all—" said Sir George, "all but folly, but madness. But," continued he, bending one knee to the ground, and taking a passive hand—I shall expiate it with my life. What more can Cornelia desire?"

It was tender affection speaking in the accent of despair. Tears flowed from the beautiful eyes of Miss Colerain, faster than ever. "Ah," said she, "I have not yet learned to associate the ideas of death and Sir George Paradyne. Nor can I bear the association. I hope he will live to oblige me."

"I would certainly die to oblige you,"
Sir

Sir George replied; "but to live! and live without you!"

A blush overspread Miss Colerain's cheeks; she was silent.

"Is that a necessary consequence, brother?" Mrs. Birimport asked.

"Will you have the goodness to rise, Sir George?" said Miss Colerain, "this posture must be painful to you."

"No—it is pleasure itself—" answered Sir George. "But to be followed by ten-fold torment—if—" he stopped.

"If," said Mrs. Birimport, "she has taken the trouble to come from France, to tell you, you must die—if you have, Miss Colerain, pass the sentence now. Sir George is prepared to die in ecstasy at your feet."

"Oh Cornelia!" said Sir George.

Miss Colerain blushed, sighed, and was silent.

"Oh this delicacy!" Mrs. Birimport exclaimed. "What evils it brings upon the daughter's of men! Take her, Sir George;

I give her to you—since she will not give herself.”

“Cornelia!” said Sir George again.

“Don’t speak yet, Cornelia,” says Mrs. Birimport.

“Spare me—spare me, dear madam,” cries Miss Colerain, throwing her arms about Mrs. Birimport’s neck.

“And so, Sir George,” said his sister, “you will not accept her from my hands!”

“I scarce dare accept her from her own,” Sir George replied. “I feel my own disparity. May I, may I hope, Cornelia?”

“Yes—hope—” answered Mrs. Birimport, “hope, Sir George, if you prefer expectation to possession.”

“Not one word! Cornelia?” said Sir George.

“Not one,” answered Mrs. Birimport. “Be satisfied with silence, the genuine and proper consent of maids, time out of mind.”

“I confess, Sir George,” said Miss Colerain, “my first wish is, that you should be well and happy.”

“And,”

“ And,” added Mrs. Birimport, “ it cost her less trouble to come out of France to make you so, than now to confess it.”

“ How much of my lively sister’s vivacity, Cornelia,” said Sir George, “ may I take for truth?”

“ As much,” replied Miss Colerain, blushing rose red, and hiding those blushes in Mrs. Birimport’s bosom. “ As much as you please.”

Sir George could now neither attend to Miss Colerain’s blushes, nor Mrs. Birimport’s comments. But he could kiss their hands with no inconsiderable transport; after which, finding he wanted speech and fresh air, he ran into the garden to seek them.

C H A P. XXXVI.

I Doubt not, but my fair readers see, that the appearance of Miss Colerain in the pavilion, or even in Hampshire, was not accident. No, ladies—it was not accident. Mrs. Birimport, by a sagacity intuitive I suppose in woman, knew that the wounds of love, like the viper's bite, were best cured by the mouths that inflict them.

This idea she imparted to Mr. Bardoe and Mr. Lindsay. Mr. Bardoe allowed the probability that Miss Colerain was in possession of the specific medicine for Sir George; but
doubted

doubted whether she or any woman had the quantum sufficit of liberality and strength of mind, to rise above the great prejudices of pride, and the small ones of decorum, which throw themselves in the way in this case. Mr. Lindsay said—if any woman could so act, it was Miss Colerain. Mrs. Birimport, with a gracious courtesy, returned thanks to both the gentlemen for their politeness.

“In point of politeness, Lindsay,” said Mr. Bardoe, “I fear we have failed; but how stands the matter in point of veracity? Have you, my sweet widow, any claim to exemption? You, who know you have my specific? And refuse it to my most humble petitions?”

“Stop——your honour——” said Mrs. Birimport, laughing. “In the first place, I was not the viper who bit you. In the second, the basis of your complication, your poco-curante habit, is beyond my art, or any art, to cure.”

“You have absolutely no ground for this plea,” said Mr. Bardoe, “you have half
cured

cured me, against my will, and your own. And now that I have acquired a complaisant volition, yours, too inexorable, refuses to compleat my cure."

"How a wise man," replied Mrs. Birimport, "who has for years been blessed with indifference, should leave this quiet mistress, and become again the subject of the vagaries and caprices of woman—I cannot think."

"It is, madam," said Mr. Bardoe, "because I am not a wise man. Wisdom is not made for this world; and he who has it, cannot do a better thing than get rid of all of it which does not serve to prevent his walking into a well, and such similar excursions."

"I must own, I think you improve," Mrs. Birimport answered; "when you arrive at perfection—we shall see. At present let us return to Sir George."

Mr. Bardoe, and Mr. Lindsay, each contending for the honour of effecting this miracle, of converting a woman, into a being
of

of reason; but the preference was given to Mr. Lindsay, because his adventure with Miss Robarts, in France, had placed him in the most friendly intimacy with Miss Colerain; with whom he corresponded occasionally; though, after the adventure at Brussels, she forbid him to make Sir George Paradyne the subject.

Miss Colerain was now at Bourdeaux, the guest of her friend, one of the daughters of the principal of that house there, whose incipient failure first began to involve her father, and who was lately married at Paris, to a Monsieur Larogne. To Bourdeaux then, Mr. Lindsay hastened; and found Miss Carlill and she, in possession of a pretty house there, and with all the appearance of becoming perpetual residents.

Many a sigh came from the bosom of Miss Colerain; many a drop of pearly fluid from her lovely eyes, when she heard the whole melancholy tale of Sir George. It was evening when it was told; and she left the task of entertaining

entertaining Mr. Lindsay to Miss Carlill; and retired to her chamber.

The next morning she told Mr. Lindsay, that though she could not but feel very sensibly the peculiar embarrassments of her situation, she could not hesitate a moment how to act. In such a case, delicacy must give way to feelings of more importance. One grateful and alleviating circumstance was, that she should receive the countenance, the friendship and advice of Mrs. Birimport. Another, that she should be accompanied by her ever dear and obliging Miss Carlill; whose house on Combor common, not being relinquished, they might be accommodated there with some degree of propriety. As for expedition, they took the road of Paris and Calais. Miss Colerain was met at Dover by Mrs. Birimport, who thanked her with a grateful heart; and in the few days they spent together before their appearance at the White House, became as much endeared to each other, as time could have made them.

Mrs.

Mrs. Birimport took up her abode at Miss Carlill's; and having, by the assistance of Sir George's old house-keeper, contrived to get an impression of the key of the pavilion, in order not to expose poor Fidel to the necessity of denying the truth to his master, began and pursued their operations as we have related in the preceding chapter.

CHAP. XXXVII.

BUT all operations—of men at least—must have an end; and this invaluable history amongst the rest. The grand intervening epocha between a man's coming into life, and

and going out of it, is his marriage; at which when a man arrives, however he may increase his consequence in a small circle, he loses it amongst the large circle of the young, the beautiful, the single fair, who consider him as dead—in law. For this charming circle principally have I compiled these memoirs; and having brought them to a point where they can be no farther interesting, it is proper to close them there; after shewing, with the utmost brevity, what was the situation five years after; that is, what is the situation now, of the principal personages of our drama.

Two years after his nephew's marriage, Lord Aufchamp paid his debt of nature. The flattery of domestics is but a poor substitute for the rich adulation paid to men in power. The Earl was obliged to assist this substitute with all that a French vintage could give; and all that a French cook could perform. Altogether begat the gout. There were several thousands done at Weltjies, whether the father proceeded the son to the Elysian shades, or the son the father. This
son

son was at Nice, endeavouring to renovate his worn out constitution; and as his brother had died the spring before, Sir George and Lady Paradyne, may one day be transformed into an Earl and Countess; a most agreeable metamorphosis; and likely to be relished in England, when titles shall be nick names only, in the rest of Europe.

Lady Mary Paradyne was no sooner informed by the dutiful Sir George, of his approaching nuptials, that she conceived her own misfortunes, and the lustre of her house had both reached their acmè. It was said that she killed two pair of very fine chariot horses in lamenting her uncommon troubles. At length she submitted to receive a visit, and has even been heard to say—that there was something in Lady George Paradyne that was pretty well—all things considered. She cannot make so favourable a judgment of Sir George and Mrs. Birimport, now Mrs. Bardoe; however, she does not fatigue herself with the violence of her complaints; she

she only gives vent occasionally; and the exercise seems useful.

Lady Ann Brixworth hitherto, has had the good fortune to escape matrimony; but not scandal. Not that it has affected any part of her reputation that is of the least consequence, for she is caressed at court and admitted into the first circles. But in the eyes of the more rigid, she was rather indiscreet. She went to Paris once suddenly—I dare say it was to Paris; but this is a trip which ladies usually say a great deal of before hand; and Lady Ann said nothing. The favourite maxim of the late Earl of Chesterfield for the government of rank, is this—"Have a good outside." Lady Ann always thought this precept went no farther than fine clothes; till the bishop of———convinced her it meant also going to church. So Lady Ann is regular at St. James's church or chapel; where she has been greatly edified by the good bishop's discourses on that famous precept of St. Paul to the ladies—"If ye fall, fall not unseemly; rather fall ye with grace."

The

The honourable Mr. Bardoe had many conferences with Mrs. Birimport on the subject of marriage. She was of opinion that a man who married should be alive. He—that matrimony was commonly a very sleepy business, which a defunct, like himself, might perform with great somnolence. They differed so much, that at length they were obliged to marry, in order to see which was right. The matter is not quite settled at this day.

A similar catastrophe followed the disputes betwixt Miss Carlill and Mr. Lindsay.

“Thy vanities are of the flesh, William Lindsay,” said the lady.

“There are vanities of the spirit also,” the gentleman replied. “I presume not to know whether Miss Carlill is afflicted.

“I like not the doings of thy steeple house,” said the lady, “there is much noise and little devotion. Thy worship is mechanical.”

I like very well the devotion of the friends,” answered Mr. Lindsay, “as long as
it

it is silent. When the spirit gets into the bowels, the sighs and the groans of so many troubled minds, afflict me sorely. When it mounts into the tongue, so seldom proveth it to be the spirit of wisdom, that I grow sick of heavenly things."

"Thou art wicked," said the lady, "if I take thee, it is out of pity to thy poor soul."

"I take thee," said the gentleman, "out of pity to thy poor body."

So they took one another.

The reverend Mr. Holford and his lady, still cultivate respectively, flowers and words. Miss Haubert, the lady of the manor, still cultivates pride, chastity, and philosophy. But of philosophy there is no end. The total non-existence of existence of Mr. David Hume, has given place to the system of Mr. Robert Younge; who, finding that those who made matter of nothing, or nothing of matter, has contrived it another way. This is to compose a universe of spheres of attraction only. It is true, there is nothing to attract;

attract; but slight obstacles repel not makers of systems. This composer has hitherto, only made the first particle of matter; but Miss Haubert hopes another will be made next year.

I beg ten thousand pardons of my fair readers, for having neglected to inform myself of the dress of Miss Colerain, and her blushes, upon the wedding day; together with the form of going to, and returning from the church; and how the day was spent; and at what hour the bride retired. That these are essential matters I know; and am sorry they must be waited for, till the third edition; for Sir George and his lady, with Mr. and Mrs. Bardoe, and Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, are now at Paris; whither they went to see if the nation of Francks, so merry when governed by folly, are not grown grave, since wisdom has had a share in the administration. This, I find, is partly the case; but when an English senator had said in a book, supposed to contain the collected wisdom

wisdom of the nation—"That man has no rights,"—the whole French people fell into a violent fit of laughter, which continues to this day. Some rights, at least, they said, might be allowed to man; the rights of suffering, and of paying taxes; these no courts could dispute.—But if, said they, men have no rights, they have wills at least; and Kings, Lords, and Priests, shall know it.



FINIS.

L. A.

[Bage]

Rep.

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